

# The Times.

SIXTH YEAR. VOL. XII. NO. 102.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY,  
TIME BUILDING,  
N.E. cor. First and Forts, Los Angeles, Cal.

Amusements.  
HAZARD'S PAVILION.

FIRST ANNUAL

**FAIR FAIR FAIR**

OF THE  
LOS ANGELES COUNTY POMOLOGICAL  
SOCIETY

OPENS AT  
HAZARD'S PAVILION  
September ..... 12th,

CONTINUING SIX DAYS.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS CASH premiums; splendid Silver and Bronze Society medals will be awarded for the most meritorious exhibits. An ELEGANT BABY BUGGY and ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR GOLD COIN premiums in the

BABY DEPARTMENT.

Prize list can be obtained at Superintendent's office, 115 West First street. Southern Pacific Railroad and Wells, Fargo & Co. forward all exhibits FREE. The ladies of the Relief Committee G.A.R. of this city, are authorized agents for the sale of seat tickets. W.C.U. will furnish refreshments. The fair will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily promenade concerts, afternoon and evening, by Belletti's Seventh Infantry Band.

HIRAM HAMILTON, President.

THOMAS A. GAYEY, Superintendent.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

H. C. WYATT, Lessee and Manager

"WE COME WITH THE BOOM."

—COMMENCING—

Monday ..... Sept. 12th,

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS

From Emerson's Theater, San Francisco, Headed by the Prince of Minstrels,

—BILLY—

ERMIN NEMMER, RSS GO NN  
EE MM MM RR RS O ONN NN

Every performer a star in his particular line of business.

NOTWITHSTANDING FIRST PART.

LAUGHABLE FINALS.

ROARING ACTS.

SIDE-SPLITTING SPECIALTIES.

Emerson's Brass Band and Orchestra.

Reserved seats on sale on and after Thursday, September 6.

WASHINGTON GARDEN

Open daily from 7 a.m. till dark.

CONCERT BY MEINE'S BAND—

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Admission ..... Twenty-five and Ten Cents.

CAWSTON & FOX, Proprietors.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

CYCLORAMA!

Open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and from 7 to 10 o'clock every evening. Take the South Main street car to the immense Pavilion特别 erected to exhibit this decisive battle of the late war. Take your opera glasses.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

REAL ESTATE OWNERS AND AGENTS.

The utility of FIRST-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS and other views of the city and surrounding country who have favored me with orders for this class of work. I would therefore like one of my neighbors to receive these views and to have them forwarded to me. Please call at No. 103 Marchessault st., address P.O. Box 301.

TONG WAH JAH & CO., CONTRACT

COOKERS, CHINESE, FURNITURE, PICKERS and other kinds of workers. Please call at No. 103 Marchessault st., address P.O. Box 301.

PERSONAL—I HAVE TWO FINE

lodging houses, two clean side of street: must sell before 1st. Address NEEDY, Times office.

PERSONAL—MADAME HART, THE

and others, want to go to Europe. Hours 10 to 12, 1 to 5.

Money to Loan.

\$500,000 TO LOAN LOWEST

20 W. First st., Los Angeles, Calif.

TO LOAN—\$75,000 ON FIRST-CLASS

improved property in sums to suit. Address H. L. K., 29 Main st.

Money to Loan—MORTGAGES

wanted to buy. Apply to J. M. TAYLOR & CO., 271 N. Main st.

## Special Notices.

### THE RAILROAD BOOM

### STRIKES THE LANDS OF THE

### CALIFORNIA CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

Every owner of property in blocks 4, 7, 20, 28 and on the Colony tract, is requested to call at the colony office immediately and sign an agreement to sell to the colony at a price of \$100 per acre. Long Beach Railroad, the Colony having already given notice to all landholders to sell their property and demand a block of ground for depot purposes.

The railroad company means business and so do the Colony. The improvements on the Colony tract will begin immediately.

Call at rooms 3 and 4 Newell block, Second and Main st., Los Angeles.

**SPECIAL NOTICE—LOS ANGELES**, Aug. 1, 1887.—On and after this date the sale of property in the city of Los Angeles, consent Mr. A. C. Day retiring. All bills owing F. & Day can be paid to the successors of the firm, F. & Day & Co. to be paid to the firm of HENRY FULLER.

G.A.R. MEETING—JOHN A. LOVING Post meets every Monday evening in the new G.A.R. Hall, in McDonald block, on Main st., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting comrades cordially welcome. G. A. R. BACCOCH, Adjutant.

### For Sale.

#### FOR SALE—City Property.

Lot in Kinney tract, near Main st., between 10th and 11th, 100x100, corner Main; only \$1000.

Two lots, Maple ave., tract, near Seventh; only \$600.

Lot in Severance tract, near Adams, clean side, 100x100, corner Main; only \$1000.

Two lots, Carter Grove tract; only \$1000 each.

6x13, on Sand st.

One-half acre, corner Court and Booth.

Lot on Ronland, near Figueroa.

Figueron, this side of Washington.

Lot on Patten, near Temple; \$600.

2x10, house, Carroll ave., Angelino Heights; \$600.

Two lots, Victor Heights; \$600 each.

7x13, Brookwell tract; corner; \$1000.

10x17—11x17, \$700.

6x10—Main, near Twelfth; \$600.

10x15—Leave your bargains with us.

SANBORN, H. C. & CO., Adjutants.

**FOR SALE—**

100x—Lot in Center tract, Girard st., 300x—Lots on W. Adams st.

100x—Lot in Adams tract, Clinton st.

100x—Lot on Grand ave.

100x—Lot in Fairmount tract, 100x—Lots on Grand ave.

100x—Lot in Hillside tract, 100x—Lots on Grand ave.

## LOS ANGELES.

**AN OAKLANDER ABROAD MAKES SOME OBSERVATIONS.**

**A Visit to Santa Monica—Beer, Bands, Booths and Babies—A Mermaid—Stolen Description of a Bathing in the Water.**

An Oaklander abroad writes as follows to the *Oakland Enquirer*. The *Times* reproduces his rather readable letter with the remark that the description of "female loveliness" in the sea-bath is stolen:

"It is the proper thing for the visitor to Los Angeles to 'take in' all the surrounding towns and villages and places of resort. In fact, to give an intelligent idea of this part of the State, one must visit these places. The stranger usually makes his first break for Santa Monica, one of the famous seaside resorts, which is located about eighteen miles southwesterly from Los Angeles, and is reached by train in an hour's ride, at a cost, on week days, of 75 cents; for the round trip, and 50 cents on Sundays. There are four omnibus daily run each way, and excursion trains run on Sundays. At present there is but one railroad, but two or three other lines are projected, and some of them are now being built.

The smooth, sandy beach slopes up from the water at a gentle inclination, a distance of five or six hundred feet, where it ends against a bold bluff, which rises abruptly forty or fifty feet. The face of this bluff presents a peculiar appearance, being worn by the wind and weather into the most singular and eccentric forms. Deep gullies are cut into its surface, leaving high partitions standing, so frail looking that it seems as though the lightest puff of air must bring them crumbling to the beach.

On the very verge of this bluff stands the magnificent Hotel Arcadia, two stories high on the land side, and five stories on the front, looking seaward. With its numerous towers, peaks and steeples, it presents an attractive appearance to the eye. It is a Del Monte on a smaller scale. Thickly built along the beach, for a distance of nearly a mile are hundreds of canvas tents, most of them of wooden frames. Those in the vicinity of the railroad tent, which is located close to the beach, are occupied as booths for the sale of shells, sea-weeds and mosses; or for the dispensation of beer and circus lemonade; or as restaurants, some of which make "fish dinners" a specialty; and it is here, in his native lair, that the mirthful clown immolates himself upon the altar of man's voracity, or sings sad requiems to the musical accompaniment of the breaking billows, as he mournfully floats—in sections—in the solitude of the limpid soup.

### A MERMAID.

One announces in gigantic and highly colored letters that the original and only genuine, simon pure, living mermaid sports within and can be seen for the small sum of 10 cents. In another the world-renowned "Circassian beauty," who was exhibited in Milpitas and before all the crowned heads of Europe, sheds the glare of her resplendent beauty upon such as invest a "short bit" with the man at the entrance. It is well that an itinerant peddler of colored eye-glasses offers his wares to the intending visitor to the Circassian princess.

Beyond these central booths, where beer, beauty, baked beans and barbecues are dispensed to the investigating tourist, the tents become more scattering, and finally the dwellings of the families who come to spend a week or a summer at the seaside.

Many of the business men of Los Angeles tent here with their families during the summer, or until such time as they are surfeted with surf-bathing. They come up to the city in the morning, give attention to their business all day, and at night return to the bosom of their families, and particularly to the bosom of the Pacific.

Walter Van Dyke, the lawyer, formerly of Oakland, told me that his family was down there. Their family tent for enough space from the crowds who throng the beach, especially on Sunday, to suffer no annoyance. The beach is magnificent, the water is delightfully warm, as is also the air, so that you can remain in or out of the water, as you please, without danger of taking cold. The water is as clear as crystal, and when you are swimming outside of the breakers, in water fifteen or twenty feet deep, by ducking your head under, you can see the shells and seaweeds on the bottom so clearly that they seem within reach.

**FASHIONABLE SUNDAY-BREAKING.**

Santa Monica is to Los Angeles what Coney Island is to New York. Sunday is the gala day. Extra trains are run, and the railroad's carrying capacity is not only taxed but strained. Every car is brought out into service. Trains are so long that they have to cut them up into sections. It is the working classes, chiefly, who can not afford the time on week days, who go to Santa Monica on Sundays. Whole families go with all the children, and the pet dog, carrying baskets of provisions and jugs containing—well, milk, I suppose. A good percentage of the genus hoodum goes along, too, and he makes things lively on the down trip boisterous on the beach and superlatively boisterous on the beach and somewhat ill-natured on the return trip. The "chippie," who is accompanying "chase," have a picnic, or a "p. and m. time." Passing a group lounging at luncheon on the sandy beach, I witnessed the following:

"One 'chippie,' taking a lunch from the basket, and with mind bent on pleasure, says:

"Say, Susie, lend me your squeezer." Susie, in reply: "Can't. I've only got Gus, and I can't spare him."

Gus at once proceeded to sustain his character as a squeezer.

It is a comical sight, the hundreds of bathers in their bright-colored suits. The large majority seem to lose their heads and shoes act like lunatics. The female, as a rule, do not possess the looks-on with the belief that the modern Venus rises from the seafoam. On the contrary, he is convinced that all the Venuses spend the bathing season away from the seashore.

**THE FEMALE BATHERS.**

The female bathers seem to be made up almost wholly of the two extremes—the obesely fat and abnormally lean. They may be joys forever, but certainly they are not things of beauty. They came tripping out from the dressing-rooms hand-in-hand, usually in pairs or in groups of three, evidently over-conscious of self, with eyes cast down and each one trying to seek the seclusion which a position in the middle of the group affords, and you are reminded of the crowding of a flock of sheep scattered by dogs. As soon as their (I was going to say, "theirs") is the customary word, but I am not Ananias and I can't) feet touch the moist sand, they all give a high-pitched, discordant but unanimous

shriek, and fall back three paces; then, with mutual encouragement, they advance, the incoming wave sweeps up to their ankles, another shriek, less unanimous, but still more discordant and very faulty as to time. They shall now back, but at the time the over-bold wave has receded, and they follow it. Now comes a big "comber," presenting a solid wall of water six feet high, but while it is still a hundred yards away they discover it, give an unearthly yell, loosen their hand clasps, and each scampers for dry land, without ceremony and also without grace. Then they herd together and advance once more.

And you pass on, listening to the moaning of the sad sea-towers, as singing their native regals over the mermaids and water nymphs, and maid, that once merrily types along the seafoam-flecked sands, or combed their shining tresses as they lazily rocked in the cradle of the deep.

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Thus ends our tour of the coast.

Now for the inland scenes.

With the exception of the

train, we have seen nothing but

the ocean, the mountains, the

valleys, the rivers, the streams,

the forests, the deserts, the

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**SACRAMENTO REJOICES****OVER THE PROSPECT OF THE COMING A. & P. RAILROAD.**

The "Bee" Outlines the Route of the Coming Overland Road—"The Treasures of the North and South at the City's Feet."

The Sacramento Bee, of the 9th inst., prints the following announcement, double-headed, under the above quoted head-lines, and the following besides: "Sacramento as a great inland emporium—Levying tribute upon the whole grand State.—The Western terminus of a trans-continental line!"

The importance of Sacramento and her position as the keystone to the commerce of the great Sacramento valley, have not escaped the attention of observing people elsewhere, however much citizens at home have neglected to take advantage of these advantageous conditions. No city on the Pacific coast can show a surer destiny, for the sufficient reason that nature has not elsewhere arranged for a great city as she has here.

Among those who have not been slow to recognize the city's importance and the inevitability of her future greatness, is the capitalistic combination of Bostonians, organized under the name of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company. The Bee is able to announce, with considerable show of authority, that the Atlantic and Pacific road will be running into Sacramento within thirty months or as much earlier as energy and capital can make it.

## LINE OF THE ROAD.

The Atlantic and Pacific is already built as far as Mojave station, in Kern County. Engineers are now running lines from Mojave, with an objective point at about where San Joaquin City now stands, on the banks of the San Joaquin river, near the boundary line between San Joaquin and Stanislaus. Thence the road will be run through San Joaquin, via Stockton, to Sacramento, which will be the terminus. The company have not determined whether to bring the line up the east or west side of the San Joaquin river, or, if they have so determined, they have kept the secret quiet. There is a question that does not materially affect Sacramento, which is chiefly interested in having the railroad come here. Whether it shall be run on the east or west side of the San Joaquin, it will tap the great counties of Kern, Tulare, Fresno, Merced, Stanislaus and San Joaquin, and skirt along within traveling distance of San Luis Obispo, Monterey, San Benito and Santa Clara.

It is reasonably certain that the Atlantic and Pacific people would now be actually building the new road were they not temporarily engaged in building a Chicago connection through Colorado and New Mexico from their southern main line.

## SENATOR STANFORD'S HINT.

At the recent conference between Senator Stanford and a delegation of Sacramento citizens, he alluded to the Southern Pacific spoke glowingly of the prospects of Sacramento's growth. While he did not distinctly declare that the Atlantic and Pacific would build to this city, he did convey the significant intimation of that fact contained in the word: "No road can come into Northern California without including Sacramento." Senator Stanford never speaks in enigmas, and had there been no probability of another road coming here he would hardly have given voice to such an expression.

## WHAT ANOTHER ROAD MEANS.

The benefit of another transcontinental railroad coming here from the south, and with its terminus here, can hardly be estimated before the fruition of the plan. The enlarged capacity of the trade area by its almost unlimited extent, although a consideration in itself enough to attract the attention of the business community. But it is not the greatest of the benefits that must come from the road's introduction. Sacramento will be the actual terminus of a great overland railroad. Here will come the vast eastern business of the great empire of Northern California. The merchants of Marysville, Chico, Colusa, Red Bluff, Redding and every other Northern town clear up to the shadow of Shasta, who ship from the port, and on to San Francisco, Sacramento, and thence they will be distributed to their owners all around us, to the north and east and west. To handle a business whose possibilities now can be but faintly imagined, will require terminal facilities of enormous proportions, depots, freight sheds and an army of employees whose numbers can not be estimated. The case lays out the money in behalf of the insured, at interest, chiefly in real estate. In this way the money accumulated at 18, or even earlier, by the girl is the property of a young little capital. This will serve her to stay any favored profession, go to some good conservatory, or start in business; and last, but not least, buy her trousseau, if she has a chance to follow woman's trust mission.

Now, why cannot well-to-do Americans women establish such a way of providing for their less fortunate sisters? What a blessed gift from a god-mother to a poor little girl such an insurance would be! Truly believe it would give each an encouragement to many poor parents, if by this small sacrifice they could help to provide for their dear ones. It is better than a life insurance, for it takes away the "sting of death;" all may live and enjoy the fruit of their economy! How much better a yearly outlay would be, for people in moderate circumstances, than in costly toys and extravagant dress, by which children are brought up to expectations.

"If Your Waking Call Me Early,"  
For I leave you here a little, call me up for  
Leave me here, and when you want me, pound  
like thunder on the door.

On His Way Home.  
(Ohio State Journal)

Col. Swan, although an ex-Confederate and a Democrat, has the right view of the Cleveland portrait business, and his utterances put to shame the few malignant Copperheads in the North, who are upon humiliating the old soldiers by making them march under the picture of a man whom they despise. As Col. Swan remarks, the veterans, as well as other people, have a right to make known their sentiments toward this man in any way short of personal violence that they may choose, and it is only the misguided and malignant fools with whom the Democratic party is cursed that desire to force this miserable issue upon the brave old boys they have so often and so plainly indicated that they will not be conceded into the hands of Grover Cleveland.

Col. Swan will eventually see how tremendous is his error in exhorting the Republican party to abandon its principles for the sake of obtaining votes in the South. When it does that it will cease to be the Republican party, the soul of the organization will have departed forever, and it will decay and die. Or even if it could continue to maintain a sort of vampire life after the animating spirit had fled, and, shorn of its vital principles, stand as the Southern party for support, it would find that it had committed itself to suicide for nothing, and that it would be further from carrying a Southern State than ever before. The very men, in seeking whose votes it should thus crawl in the dust, would be the foremost in despising it. If there is any one thing that makes the Republican cause look hopeful in several Southern States today, it is anything that has given it its astonishing vitality in Kentucky and old Virginia, and made it formidable in North Carolina, West Virginia, and Tennessee. It is similar to any other political party in history, stood fast by its cardinal principles, and steadily kept its glorious banner waving in the air. That consistency, that steadfastness, will give it victory at last, South as well as North, because the principles to which it adheres are eternally right, and right will always triumph in the end over darkness, ignorance and wrong. The Republican party never lowered its standard an inch that it did not lose it, and the higher it raised it the more decisive was the victory.

Some day Col. Swan will, at no distant day see these things exactly as we see them; they will in a little while enclose themselves in the Republican ranks, and many of them ere they leave the stage of action will thank the Republican cavalry took possession of Snicker'sville. The native company, finding they were not strong enough to drive out the invaders, determined to "have some fun" with them; so they assembled, and sent a humorous invitation to their hearts that the Yankees to draw up in company front on the turnpike. Soon the Loudoun boys went up the mountain by a side road, to a point a little above the village, and then giving free rein to their horses, the took down the steep hill through the little town, surprising and scattering the invaders with their shouts and firing. Strange as it seems, no one was more than slightly wounded, and the natives proceeded to join their regiment, well pleased with the wild ride.

**A Baby's Command.**  
Just three years old was our baby,  
A great plow to her meat country,  
A fountain the boundless sea.

For all of her tiny lifetime  
Had passed amidst the houses high.  
Whose tops, to her childish fancy,  
Were like the clouds in sky.

So one August day when the sun  
Was baking the earth brown,  
We carried her off to the seaside,  
Away from the breathless town:

Stripped her of socks and slippers,  
Regardless of freckles and tan,  
And bade her go and frolic  
With only a barefooted man.

But she stood with her wee hands folded,  
A speck on the sandy shore,  
And gazed at the waves advancing  
With thundering crash and roar.

We knew that some thought was stirring  
The depth of her little brain,  
As she listened to God's great organ  
That fills the granite sky.

At last in her sleep she trembled,  
As sweet as a robin's trill,  
With one little finger lifted,  
She cried to the sea, "Be still!"

Ah, dear little fair-haired baby,  
Like you in this mortal strife,  
There's many a one made wear,  
And none with the waves of life.

Buried below in both my heart,  
Are moved at the Master's will,  
And only His voice can hush them,  
By whispering, "Peace, be still!"

—Lillian D. Rice in *The Panama*.

**The Loudoun Cavalry.**  
(Cor. Washington Star.)

A good story is told, illustrating the bravado of the mountaineer cavalry of the region (the Loudoun Valley in Virginia) during the war. A company composed of young men who lived hereabouts was enjoying a lark at home, when a larger body of Federal cavalry took possession of Snicker'sville. The native company, finding they were not strong enough to drive out the invaders, determined to "have some fun" with them; so they assembled, and sent a humorous invitation to their hearts that the Yankees to draw up in company front on the turnpike. Soon the Loudoun boys went up the mountain by a side road, to a point a little above the village, and then giving free rein to their horses, the took down the steep hill through the little town, surprising and scattering the invaders with their shouts and firing. Strange as it seems, no one was more than slightly wounded, and the natives proceeded to join their regiment, well pleased with the wild ride.

**What Shall We Do With Our Daughters?**  
(Santa Barbara Press.)

The report sent out by the Associated Press correspondent at San José and published in all the morning papers of Thursday, regarding the decision in the Den-Cooper suit, involving lands purchased by Ellwood Cooper on the Dos Pueblos ranch, was misleading; the suit was not decided in favor of Cooper, but was a decree of the court approving of a compromise made between the parties to the suit. The amount of land involved was also much less than that stated in the dispatch.

**The Den-Cooper Suit—A Mistake.**

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**THE TIMES** is the only morning Republican newspaper printed in Los Angeles that owns the exclusive right to publish here the telegraphic "night report" of the Associated Press, the greatest news-gathering organization in the world, its franchise has recently been renewed for a long term of years.

**ADVERTISERS**, when writing to have the address of the paper changed, should also state their former address.

**RESPONDENCE** solicited from all quarters. Timely local topics and news given the preference. One side of the sheet only, write plainly, and send real name for the private information of the Editor.

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BY THE **TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.**

H. G. OTIS,  
President and General Manager.

ALBERT MCFARLAND,  
Vice-President, Treasurer and Business Manager.

WM. A. SPALDING, Secretary.

#### TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure insertion in tomorrow's **Times**, all new advertisements, save only small classified advertisements ("Wants," etc.), as well as all changes, must be handed in at the counter before 8 o'clock this evening.

It is claimed that the Florida cocoa palm, transplanted at Coronado Beach, will thrive, but the question of its fruiting there is in doubt.

The New Orleans Picayune says: "No man resolved to lead a good life can lead the word of a politician."

Mr Speaker offers amendment as follows: After the word politician, insert in Louisiana. Adopted.

RICHARD GIRD is opposed to the division of San Bernardino county, and, in the event of its dismemberment, wants the Chino country to remain with the old county. Too much splitting up weakens rather than strengthens.

ELSHNORE expects to have pure water piped into its limits within three weeks. The Cold Springs Land and Water Company promises the town fifty inches of *aqua pura*. Elshnore has something very like a boom "onto it."

The St. Louis Republican (Dem.) thinks that if Higgins is sustained "every Magwump in New York will be justified in working and voting to defeat the Democratic ticket." Most of the Magwumps would rather swallow Higgins.

WALTER B. BROOKS is the Republican candidate for Governor of Maryland, and it is calculated that 7000 honest Democrats, disgusted with the Gorman-Higgins rule in that State, are going to vote for him. A beautiful plan for breaking the solidity of the South.

It is well known that Gov. Ross, of New Mexico, wrote Shakespeare, and yet a brutal and unfeeling newspaper opponent of the distinguished chief magistrate undertakes to dispute the authenticity of the claim. The Governor's latest poetical effusion has got its breaking refrain the following:

"A wandering minstrel I,  
A piece of shreds and patches."

There are rambles of discontent in the large faction of the Democratic party which is not in the habit of falling on the manly breast of Grover Cleveland and exclaiming, "Bless you, me boy!" The malcontents are asking, "Is only that kind of political activity 'pernicious' which is hostile to the plans of the Administration?" This question is ruled out of the Cleveland court as too decidedly leading.

The "Eastern Hordes" Are Coming.

Following is a sample of letters frequently received by this office:

181 DEARBORN AVENUE,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Sept. 18, 1887.  
**Times-Mirror Company, Los Angeles.**: You will find a \$2 postal note enclosed, which is to continue my Times from September 13th to some time in December, and take pleasure in sending it to my friends here. It is certainly the best paper published in Los Angeles, and that many who visit your beautiful city the coming winter to remain or invest, your go-ahead citizens will have to "hustle" to provide ways and means for their entertainment, and will be pleased to see the rush in your direction which will soon commence; the entire county of Los Angeles will be overrun with the "eastern hordes" the coming winter, and I look for record values to go much higher, if not double.

Yours respectfully,  
FRANK S. BEDELL.

This letter contains hints (not new) that deserve attention from whom the matter concerns, directly or indirectly, which is practically the whole population.

AN Oakland paper states that the Southern Pacific's line has not settled upon its exact route north from San Joaquin to Sacramento. The route will be either by Gaviota Pass or Point Conception. Two surveys have been made. Considering the topographical obstacles in the way, it is improbable that the Point Conception route will be followed. In fact, it is impracticable. Besides, the Southern Pacific's right of way takes it through the Gaviota Pass, which it will hardly abandon to a rival line.

The fresh ambition of San José in wanting a port of entry constructed for her benefit, by the dredging out of the rear end of the Bay of San Francisco, is met by this cruel and crushing blow from San Diego, delivered with biting sarcasm by the Union of the latter town:

"So ends the annual Indian outbreak of '87. It came up nicely—Kendall to make a book in his favor politically, tried to arrest two Indians, and got his hands full. Gov. Adams, a Democrat, who was elected by a small majority on account of the unpopularity of the Rep. candidate, thought it would be a boon for his candidate, to let it down. He ordered out the troops. The Indians were frightened and tried to reach their reservation in safety. The cowboys followed them up and forced an engagement, and one white man and several Indians were killed."

This little diversion has cost the State \$200,000, and it is conjectured that it will finish Gov. Adams politically.

The Denver correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes of the trouble with the Utes:

"So ends the annual Indian outbreak of '87. It came up nicely—Kendall to make a book in his favor politically, tried to arrest two Indians, and got his hands full. Gov. Adams, a Democrat, who was elected by a small majority on account of the unpopularity of the Rep. candidate, thought it would be a boon for his candidate, to let it down. He ordered out the troops. The Indians were frightened and tried to reach their reservation in safety. The cowboys followed them up and forced an engagement, and one white man and several Indians were killed."

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## FOREIGN FIELDS.

The Chinese Emperor About to Marry.

His Nuptials to Cost a Trifle of Two Million Taels.

Editor O'Brien Arrested—He Refuses Offers to Compromise.

Evidence Accumulating Against the Constables Who Did the Shooting at Mitchellstown—The Victims to Have a Public Funeral, Etc.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11.—[By the Associated Press.] By the steamer San Pablo, arriving this evening from China, Hong Kong advices are received to August 18th, and Yokohama to August 27th.

THE EMPEROR'S WEDDING.

A daughter of Chun Man Chu, a nobleman, has been selected as a wife for the Emperor of China, and daughters of each of the Governors-General of the two Huis, of the Governor of Kiangsi, and of members of the Board of Revenue, have been selected as his concubines. Prince Chun, in accordance with the Emperor's decree, has instructed the Board of Revenue to get ready 3,000,000 taels for the expenses of the Emperor's marriage. His Highness was sick recently on account of excessive work.

THAT BANK SCHEME.

There appears in the China and Japanese journals nothing especially new on the project of the Chinese-American bank. For the most part, the same rumors were circulated with regard to the matter as were circulated.

AN APPALLING STORM.

On the afternoon of the 10th of August the lightning is said to have struck in twenty-six places. Only one casualty, however, is reported, the death of a child 8 years of age. The storm, of a peculiarly appalling character, though it is reported to have reached the city from the north, it drove before it a vast volume of dust, which assumed such proportions that it actually mingled with the onward rolling masses of angry clouds. Thus the city was enveloped in darkness, in a dense pall, lit by lurid flashes of lightning and whirled into raging masses by a furious wind. Fortunately a land storm produces little effect in the part of Tokyo Bay that lies near the coast, so that no damages were suffered by shipping.

AN ECLIPSE.

The solar eclipse of August 19th was observed at Yokohama under very favorable conditions. At other points, where observers from the United States were stationed just when the moment of totality was approaching, the heavens became effectively obscured by clouds over a great part of the range of observation.

IRISH TROUBLES.

The Mitchelstown Victims—Editor O'Brien Arrested.

MITCHELSTOWN (Ireland), Sept. 11.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] The victims of the fight on Friday will be given a public funeral on Monday. It will be made the occasion of a great demonstration. The man Shinnick and boy Casey are dying from the effects of the wounds they received on Friday. Casey's statements have been taken from him. He states that he was standing near Shinnick at the corner of the square when Head Constable O'Sullivan came to the window of the barracks and fired at him. Four witnesses confirm this statement. The Nationalists say that they have evidence to establish the identity of the policeman who shot Riordan.

EDITOR O'BRIEN ARRESTED.

DUBLIN, Sept. 11.—Mr. O'Brien was arrested today while seeing Mr. Labouchere off on the steamer. Mr. O'Brien spent the day at Ballybrack. He received a telegram from London and Mr. Brunner requesting him to accompany them to London. Mr. O'Brien, accompanied by Hartington, went on board the Kingston boat for the purpose of declining the invitation to go to London, when he detected that he would be arrested if he pledged himself not to go to England. O'Brien refused this condition, when he was taken into custody and carried to the Central Hall by police, who informed him that he could stay there all night if he would give a promise that he would not make a speech, and this promise was not given, and O'Brien addressed a crowd from the balcony of his hotel. In the course of his remarks he said:

"So long as there is breath in my body, my voice will not be silent until I am gagged. I am proud to suffer for Mitchelstown. When in Kingston, I was told I would be taken to London, and I asked to go to England. That shows that the Government is beginning to dread us in England."

Mr. O'Brien will remain at the hotel tonight, and proceed to Mitchelstown in the morning. A crowd gathered in front of the hotel, and was very enthusiastic.

Santa Ana Railway Notes.

SANTA ANA, Sept. 11.—Considerable delay is occasioned in the construction of bridges between Santa Ana and Riverside on the California Central Railroad. Trains will be running from Los Angeles through the East to Santa Ana over the Atchison system before September 30th.

President Smith, of the Atchison system, has definitely located the junction of the San Joaquin and Los Angeles roads at Santa Ana. Work on the depot and freighthouse will commence tomorrow.

Track-layers are now twelve miles south of here and are progressing at the rate of half a mile per day. They expect to reach San Juan Capistrano September 28th.

The Weather.

LOS ANGELES SIGNAL OFFICE, Sept. 11.—At 4:07 a.m. today the thermometer registered 75; at 12:07 p.m., 86; at 4:07 p.m., 67. Barometer 30.04. Windy periods, 28.79-29.82, 29.92. Maximum temperature, 91; minimum temperature, 66. Weather, fair.

Mrs. Cleveland Carding Wool.

(Baltimore American.) On Saturday afternoon an express wagon was seen to drive furiously along the road toward Red Top. When the house was reached the driver jumped from his seat and hastened to the doorway with a package about sixteen inches square on his shoulder. It came from Dr. William Martin, of Cowlesville, N. Y., and contained the fleeces of two fine, full-blooded merino lambs. The animals were descended from the flock of Grandfather Frost, and their wool is as fine as silk. It would puzzle the uninitiated to discover what was to be done with so much wool, but it is learned that the first lady of the land had bought a pair of cards while in Forestport recently, and that she proposes to have some winter stockings for Grover which will surely prevent another attack of the rheumatics which troubled him so much a year ago. All Saturday afternoon Mrs. Cleveland remained at Red Top. She was engaged in carding wool under the direction of Mrs. Folson, who learned when a girl all the accomplishments which were the chief ornaments of grandmothers' days. It will take some time to card sufficient for one pair of stockings for the President, and after the carding is finished the yarn will have to be spun, so that it will be weeks before Grover can try on the first pair of hose.

An Anomaly.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.) Kentucky, the home of Bourbon whisky, beats Phil Thompson, distiller, with a Prohibition candidate. The world do move.

## BASE-BALL.

The Alas Play a Brilliant Game—The Haverlys Defeated.

SACRAMENTO, Sept. 11.—[By the Associated Press.] The game of baseball here today between the Alas and Greenpool and Morris was won by the Sacramentoans by a score of 5 to 3, with an inning to spare.

The Alas had all four runs in the third and fourth innings by striking a few hits and aided by errors of Ryan and Long. Knell was a trifle wild and his pitching was not as effective as Mullens'. Peter Cahill played for the first time with the Alas. He hit the ball every time but did not get it in safe place. The Alas did not make an error until after the fifth inning. O'Day again distinguished himself at second base, making two put-outs and having eight assists.

THE HAVERLYS RADILY DEFEATED.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11.—The game between the Pioneers and Haverlys today was devoid of interest for the reason that it was won by the Pioneers in the first inning. Moore hit safe and took two bases on Hardie's wild throw to second. Gagus hit the ground in front of the plate, but Hardie was safe. Adams, who whose home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., looked with an air of mingled pride and reverence upon the carving, for her name was once Elma Griffin, and the coffin that once made to hold her remains.

"On my nineteenth birthday," she said, "my mother invited a party of acquaintances to our house to celebrate the day. We lived some distance outside of Williamsburg, as it was then, and the ground was a soft and boggy. One of my friends recommended me to start for her home, and she laughingly congratulated me on being housed already and having no occasion to brave the swamp. I was a wild young girl in those days, and I declared at once that I would go with them and return alone. Everybody present tried to dissuade me except the girl's brother. We started, and when we reached my friend's house I was conscious that my feet were quite wet, and that a disagreeable chill had crept over me, but I declined an invitation to sit down. Hardie had come away. Of course, Rob—the brother, I mean—came with me, and somehow I forgot the cold and damp as I walked home. 'I think we must have talked for a long time as we stood on my uncle's doorstep, for suddenly Rob—my escort, I mean—said: 'Elma, your face is very pale. Have I kept you here too long?' He talked to me for ten minutes after that, and then wished me good-night when my mother opened the door to tell her I might have known sooner if I had had a thought that I was really ill. She hurried me to bed immediately, and when she came to call me the following morning she looked very anxious. By noon I was delirious, but I could hear the doctor tell my mother I had typhoid fever, and that he could not hold out much hope for my recovery. I knew that my mother was weeping, but it was always a selfish girl and could only cry out: 'Robert, Robert! Where is Robert?' and they told me hardly thinking that I heard them say that Robert had been suddenly called upon to start for California, and that he had gone away. I had not even heard of my illness. He sent a letter to me, however, but I did not see it until many weeks later.

"I grew rapidly worse, and gradually the knowledge of all outward things passed from me. I fancy that I had a certain consciousness, but not of matters around me. I was in another state of being, in which the person acting and speaking—strangely speaking—was myself, and yet not myself. Then came an utter blank, from which I awoke after nearly four weeks of oblivion, to see my mother and the doctor standing by my bedside. The doctor said the crisis was past, and I should probably recover, but I did not feel any interest in what he was talking about.

"The quiet days of convalescence followed, and the doctor, seeing that I was very weak, regarded me seriously, and warned my mother that a relapse should be carefully guarded against. I used at times, too, to fall into curious physical conditions that I suppose were trances, with which I knew not what I was doing, but from which I awoke after a short time. I did not seem to care to arouse myself by moving or speaking. These periods lasted longer and longer, but they were not observed, and as they were rather pleasant than otherwise I said nothing about them.

"One morning I awoke from what seemed to be a natural sleep, and lay with my eyes closed listening to sounds that I could not at first interpret; but slowly the knowledge came to me that my mother was sobbing beside my bed. I tried to ask her why she was grieving, but I could not move or speak. Then I realized that I was not in a dream, but in reality, and I awoke, feeling, however, and knew that I was upon a hard substance and not upon the comfortable mattress of my bed. I could feel, too, very little covering over me, and despite my eyelids being down the gloomy darkness of the room could be detected. 'Where in the world have they carried me to?' I thought.

"Presently I heard my mother's voice, and I knew that she was speaking to my cousin Mary, who was staying in the house with us.

"'Poor Elma,' she said. 'I was so sure that God would spare her life. She struggled through that dreadful illness only to die quietly in her sleep at last. It is very hard, Mary.'

"I have often wondered since that I did not really die of horror at that moment, as I realized like a lightning flash that they thought I was dead and had put me into my coffin. They were going to bury me! I strove hard to speak, but the Sphinx was not more dumb than I. I tried to stir, but the rock of Gibraltar might have moved as easily. 'Must my life be smothered out in a grave? Is there not a little speech or action left?' I thought.

"It is hard, indeed, dear aunt," replied Mary, "but His will be done. You must arouse yourself. The undertaker will close the coffin in a few minutes. Do you think Robert—Mr. Purroy—will be here?"

"I hardly think so now," answered my mother, wearily. Something must have happened to delay him. He was to have arrived at home yesterday, but he did not come, and I postponed the burial until to-day. He has not heard of her death. Poor fellow! The news will nearly kill him. There is one person in the world I think he loved poor Elma as dearly as I did."

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" I cried, with a silent voice, 'come quickly. If you look at me you will know that I am not dead.'

"I heard a knock at the bedroom door. Was it Robert? No, it was only the undertaker.

"May I close it now, ladies?" he asked in professionally mournful tones.

"Nobody but myself knew that my heart was beating, and even I hardly knew it as the undertaker spoke. A second afterward it seemed to me that it throbbed loudly enough for the door and I knew as well as that it was Robert as though my sealed eyes could have looked through brick and wood and mortar to see him standing outside. Softly and quietly he entered the room; gravely and calmly he asked my mother and cousin to leave him for a few minutes alone with his dead. He closed the door after they had gone out, and, stooping over the coffin, gently kissed me. Then he started. I heard the quick, nervous movement, and I knew that I was saved.

"He hastily called my mother, and the doctor was quickly summoned. He saw at once that life was not extinct, though he had been just as positive earlier that I was quite dead.

"My husband declares that an old woman may say it now—that I blushed and smiled when he kissed me. At all events, I lived to marry him, and he would not part with that silver coffinplate for ten times its weight in gold."

## SAVED BY A KISS.

Elma Griffin Awakened in Her Coffin by Her Lover's Kiss.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Elma Griffin, died April 15, 1849,

aged 19 years 4 months and 6 days.

The words were engraved upon a silver plate, but there was no coffin under them. Mrs. Purroy, an elderly lady sitting beside the bed of Clinton Adams, who whose home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., looked with an air of mingled pride and reverence upon the carving, for her name was once Elma Griffin, and the coffin that once made to hold her remains.

"On my nineteenth birthday," she said, "my mother invited a party of

acquaintances to our house to cele-

brate the day. We lived some dis-

tance outside of Williamsburg, as

it was then, and the ground was a

soft and boggy. One of my friends

recommended me to start for her

home, and she laughingly congrat-

ulated me on being housed already

and having no occasion to brave

the swamp. I was a wild young

girl in those days, and I declared

at once that I would go with them

and return alone. Everybody pres-

ent tried to dissuade me except the

girl's brother. We started, and when

we reached my friend's house I was

conscious that my feet were quite

wet, and that a disagreeable chill had

crept over me, but I declined an invita-

tion to sit down. Hardie had come

away. Of course, Rob—the brother, I

mean—came with me, and somehow I

forgot the cold and damp as I walked

home. 'I think we must have talked

for a long time as we stood on my

uncle's doorstep, for suddenly Rob—

my escort, I mean—said: 'Elma, your

face is very pale. Have I kept you

here too long?'

He talked to me for ten minutes

after that, and then wished me good-

night when my mother opened the

door to tell her I might have known

sooner if I had had a thought that

I was really ill. She hurried me to

bed immediately, and when she came

to call me the following morning she

looked very anxious. By noon I was

delirious, but I could hear the doctor

tell my mother I had typhoid fever,

and that he could not hold out much

hope for my recovery. I knew that my

mother was weeping, but it was always

a selfish girl and could only cry out:

'Robert, Robert! Where is Robert?'

and they told me hardly thinking

that I heard them say that Robert had

been suddenly called upon to start for

California, and that he had gone away.

It is evident that he had not even

heard of my illness. He sent a letter to me, however, but I did not see it until many weeks later.

"I grew rapidly worse, and gradually

the knowledge of all outward things

passed from me. I fancy that I had a

certain consciousness, but not of mat-

&lt;p

## SOCIAL STUDIES.

The Young Woman Who Paints, the Engaged Couple and the Bride. [White Sulphur Spring Letter.]

Yonder, in the magnificence of precious stones and precious stuffs, is the Spirit of Cosmetic Youth. She is here, as she is everywhere, one of her kind, like a tuft of painted thistledown being blown by the winds of circumstances into every hotel parlor. She would be a handsome woman if she did not insist on being a portrait of herself. The white face would not do, the redness of her face would not do, the blueness of the eyebrows too perfect, if its forgery were not too apparent. The brown ringlets may be real, but they are judged by the company they keep. She is a boon to all the other women. The pharisaical cry is their privilege every hour of the day, and the holiest of them, in her candor, feels a sense of superiority. She is an interesting problem. What her theory of beauty is, what her conception of the human vision is, what she imagines her effect to be, how she can fail to see that she is a picture of hell-daw in the dove-cote, and that even the most innocent of the little souls know it, are questions which she herself could not answer. She does not look altogether happy. Nobody ever is who wears a mask.

The Little Widow is in her glory-tonight. She is not very old in widowhood, for the moisture of the tears that have not quite ceased falling makes her eye humid and brilliant. She has added to her face, and the subdued coquetry of youth that she displays is a delicate study. The suggestiveness of her black gown dress brings faintly into view a white marble tomb in the distance behind her, vague and growing vaguer, like the background of a fading photograph. She has a lady friend beside her to help the conversation, partly because she knows that three people can talk much better than two during the early stages of her acquaintance with Him. Her sighs are tenderly managed; her far-away look at times could indicate that she is gazing across the swift and silent tide that flows ceaselessly along the dark, dim walls of the world to a gentleman whom she knew quite well, who is sitting lonesomely among the asphodels on the other bank, holding a bouquet of scents immortelles to a nose that does not smell. She is not gazing there, however. She has grown a little near-sighted on his account, or she would not tonight be smiling at the gentleman whom if the sowing seed bears fruit, she will one day be remarrying of those many virtues which his predecessor who never discovered till she found them in the epitaph. She should cherish the memory and conserve the grief as long as possible, however, for grief is a wonderful by-path to manly sympathy, and there is no female jewel in all the catalogue at Tiffany's one-half as effective as the eyelid's trembling tear.

The Engaged Couple are sweetly contented. They are sitting together on a tête-à-tête and are talking in that low, confidential tone which characterizes them all the day. The average young lady in the South takes an engagement quite as a matter of course, and a disengagement with equal calmness. Some of them here would have difficulty in telling just whom they are engaged to at present, and are in imminent need of a set of double-entry books for their love affairs. This is a real engagement, however, for ever since they breakfasted side by side and absorbed wheat cakes in sweet sympathy, with maple syrup on their tongues, they have been together. He ought to know her by now, and she him, and she his, but they keep on gazing, with an unassisted curiosity. "When we are married," he says, "now and then, and halts a little, while she reddens slightly, but looks much more unconcerned than an unconcerned person ever could. They have not gotten quite used to it yet, but he likes to say it, and they are making all sorts of plans which will give place to an entirely different set of plans when they get located in the new state to which they are immigrating. Andrew Carnegie wrote that the real castles are never realized; that before we dream them we have built other and higher ones beyond, and forgot the old ones attained in gazing at the new ones afar. He ought to make a copy and send it to the engaged couple. The country needs a sentimental geography and a set of matrimonial charts just now, and all contributions to the work would be of practical value.

They are much more at ease than the bride and groom, however. He is a blushing boy of 45 and beams ruddily in his happiness, with the open frankness of a sensible, good-humored, honest fellow. She is somewhat ill at ease, however, and her sunburn curves downward at the corners. Her freckled curly hair is as white as the new ones afar. At the table she pecks her food at thoughtful intervals and looks cautiously about her between each pair of pecks, like a hen that is ill at ease. She sees everything that is going on, which is fortunate, for he sees nothing but her. How he happened to find her in the social grab-bag is one of the many mysteries, for not one man in a million would have kept the prize after unwrapping it. Perhaps the hand that wrought Eve for Adam guided the blushing bridegroom to his \$7-a-week Eden, for Adam was certainly not happier nor Eve more surprised at the development of affairs.

## ELGINORE MINES.

What an Editor Saw At and About "Terra Cotta City." (Cor. Southern California Christian Advocate.)

This place is aptly named, for as we go out and find all our supplies at the northwest among the irregular hills, which form the foot-hills of the Santa Ana mountains, we saw looming up before us the mammoth sewer-pipe works of the Southern California Coal and Clay Company, J. D. Hoff, half owner and manager. The structure is 40x200 feet, with two large ovens surrounded by gigantic chimneys. The whole is nearing completion. When the plant for this sewer-pipe works arrives from the East, a large number of men will be given permanent employment, and we shall see Terra Cotta City look up in importance as a manufacturing town. Going up the hill a few hundred yards, we came to the mines, from which comes a peculiar variety of products.

First is a coal mine, the overlying shale being highly inflammable, and shipped as far as San Francisco to be used in producing illuminating gas. Layers of coal in varying thickness—three to six feet alternate with layers of superior white fire clay. Sam-

pies sent to Eastern factories in New Jersey and Pennsylvania received the highest praise as being better than anything obtainable elsewhere in the country. Seven pipes ornamental, faceted brick and fine queenware are among the capabilities of this marvel-mine deposit. Then to find at this same mine fair quantities of coal, which gets better and better as the dip is followed under the mountains. And more, there flows from the mines all the water necessary for all future use in running the machinery connected with these works. How marvelous are the provisions of the great Father for the needs of man!

The Cheney mine of coal and clay deposit, some two miles further, is quite similar to the first visited, but the clay and coal are not mixed. We carried away some fine specimens from these mines, among them a beautiful white brick, made from the clay. A railroad from Pomona to Elsinore is projected, and will open up this rich mining region to the outside world.

But there are other valuable deposits discovered and being worked in the vicinity of this embryo Pittsburgh. Very fine gold and asbestos mines have been uncovered not far away, which await a strong wind of capital and labor to bring them to perfection. And who knows what else may be hidden in the rugged bosom of these unpromising mountains?

## POMONA AND ELSINORE.

Work on the New Railroad to Begin at Once.

The Elsinore man has information to the effect that the building of the Pomona and Elsinore Railroad is assured, and that in the immediate future. It says that there are to be no vexatious delays. Work will begin as quickly as the preliminaries can be arranged.

Mr. Heald returned from Pomona highly elated with the success of the meeting of the board of directors at that place, and told a News reporter, in answer to the question, "Will the Pomona and Elsinore road be commenced soon?"

"Yes, sir; as soon as we get the right of way from the lake to Elsinore station."

"Do you anticipate any trouble from that source?"

"No, at least not much."

"Will the road follow the present survey in this vicinity?"

"I can't say to a certainty—as yet. We prefer to come through the Chaneys pass instead of through the cañon, but the engineers and their figures are against it. These figures are overcome, as it is the shortest route and would accommodate both coal mines, also the sewer-pipe works and the nail-works.

"Some very wealthy capitalists of Los Angeles will make us a proposition to that effect soon. I am not at liberty to give details in that direction, but will say that our road may be extended from time to time as the developments of the country demands."

"Where will the road commence?"

"At Elsinore, South Riverside and Pomona."

"When?"

"As soon as the right of way is assured, and the work will be pushed forward vigorously."

By far the best assortment and largest line of agate, stamped and japanned ware ever shown in Southern California. E. E. Crandall & Co., 133 and 135 West First street.

Visit the Kennedy Land Company for real estate bargains, 118 West First street.

Santa Fe Springs will be put on the market in a few days.

Santa Fe Springs on the Santa Fe Route.

Look out for the Ella tract.

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R. H. CARPENTER, R. N. C. WILSON.

BARCLAY, WILSON & CARPENTER.

Attorneys at law; rooms 1, 4, and 5, Bunker block, No. 39 N. Spring st., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. D. DEAN, FREDERICK ALDREN & ANDERSON, Attorneys at law; rooms 5, 7, and 9, Lawyer Building, Temple street.

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Visit the Kennedy Land Company for real estate bargains, 118 West First street.

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Dentists.

A. D. BROS. DENTISTS, NO. 23 S. Spring st., rooms 4 and 5. Gold fillings from \$25 to \$100. Amalgam and silver fillings, \$1; painless extraction of teeth, \$1; extraction of teeth without gas or air, 50¢; best of teeth from \$6 to \$10. By our new method of making teeth extracted without pain a specialty. Office hours from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.; pains from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Mrs. LEVILLE E. LATELY A French teacher, who has recently taken up her residence in Los Angeles, will give French lessons in classes or otherwise, as patrons may prefer. Address, Mrs. Leville E. Lateley, 135 Spring st., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE LOS ANGELES UNIVERSITY, Los Angeles, Cal. William Shatto, D.D., LL.D., President. The University is a school of Liberal Arts of the University of Southern California, located in West Los Angeles, will open September 1st. Prof. W. H. Smith, M.A., Dean of the Faculty; Rev. W. Mathew, A.M., Dean and professor of Latin; Prof. G. W. Weyer, A.M., professor of Applied Mathematics; Prof. C. R. Greene, A.M., professor of Belles Lettres; Prof. G. W. Weyer, A.M., professor of Latin Language and Literature. Besides the increase of faculty, other faculties have been added, including that of grammar, etc. For particulars address M. M. HOYARD, president of the University, or W. S. MATTHEW, dean of College of Liberal Arts.

J. C. KIRKPATRICK, M.D., SURGEON.

DOROTHEA LUMMIS, M.D., HOMEOPATHIC.

DR. GEORGE H. BEACH, HOMEOPATHIC.

JULIA F. BUTTON, M.D., OFFICE hours, 1 to 5 p.m.

J. W. REYNOLDS, M.D., 24 S. SPRING ST., day and night.

## Dentists.

DR. SEYMOUR & DOUGHERTY have removed their office with a Pneumatic Cabinet and a series of rare and interesting cases in all classes of the lungs, together with gen suiphite treatment of consumption. They also prepare and administer oxygen gas, pure or containing 90 per cent. of oxygen. 125 Spring st., Room 25. Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

DR. J. ADAMS, ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. In charge of Medical and Surgical Department of the Hospital. Pay special attention given to the treatment of all female diseases, both medical and surgical. Office hours, 10 a.m. to 12, 1 to 2, 4 to 5 p.m. Call in the city promptly attended to, day or night. Residence, 112 N. Main st.

DR. M. H. DAVISON, OFFICE 32½ S. Spring st., Telephone No. 32. Residence, 51 Temple st.

DR. H. W. FENNER, OFFICE and residence, 316 N. Main st., Telephone, 62.

DR. G. L. COLE—304 N. MAIN STREET, opposite post office; telephone 62.

DR. BENNETT, OFFICE 36½ SOUTH Spring street.

## Homeopathic Physicians.

S. S. SALISBURY, M.D., HOMEOPATHIC. Office, rooms 11 and 12, Los Angeles, Cal. Hours, 10 a.m. to 12, 1 to 2, 4 to 5 p.m. Call in the city promptly attended to, day or night. Residence, 112½ W. First st., Los Angeles.

A. S. H. RIBBLE, M.D., HOMEOPATHIC. Office, 12½ N. Main st., Medical block, residence, 112½ W. First st., Los Angeles. Hours, 10 a.m. to 12, 1 to 2, 4 to 5 p.m. Telephone 62.

J. MILLIS BOAL, M.D., 30½ N. SPRING ST. (over People's Store). Hours, 10 to 12, 1 to 4 p.m. Call in the city promptly attended to, day or night. Residence, 112½ W. First st., Los Angeles.

E. T. M. HURLIBUT, M.D., SPECIALIST in diseases, consumption, catarrh, diseases of the skin and nerves, and gynaecology. The genuine homeopathic method.

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DR. BENNETT, OFFICE 36½ SOUTH Spring street.

## Educational.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, fall term, full course of Liberal Arts of the University of Southern California, located in West Los Angeles, will open September 1st. Prof. W. Mathew, A.M., Dean and professor of Latin; Prof. G. W. Weyer, A.M., professor of Applied Mathematics; Prof. C. R. Greene, A.M., professor of Belles Lettres; Prof. G. W. Weyer, A.M., professor of Latin Language and Literature. Besides the increase of faculty, other faculties have been added, including that of grammar, etc. For particulars address M. M. HOYARD, president of the University, or W. S. MATTHEW, dean of College of Liberal Arts.

THE SANTA FE STREET RAILWAY IS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, AND WILL BE IN OPERATION IN A SHORT TIME.

THE TRAINS OF THE SANTA FE AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY STOP AT THIS TOWN.

INVESTMENTS WILL PAY HANDSOME PROFITS IN A SHORT TIME.

ONE HUNDRED LOTS HAVE BEEN SOLD, AND ARE CHANGING HANDS DAILY.

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## Real Estate.

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## Homes for the People,

## At the People's Prices.

OWING TO THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS THAT HAS ATTENDED OUR SALE OF LOTS IN THE BEAUTIFUL CLAPP ORCHARD, ON CENTRAL AVENUE, WE HAVE GREAT PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT WE OPEN THE SALE OF THE MAGNIFICENT

Central Park Front Tract!  
FACING CENTRAL PARK, ON CENTRAL AVENUE, ON

## WEDNESDAY MORNING AT 9 O'CLOCK, AUGUST 31.

BEAUTIFUL HOME SITES ON THIS GUARANTEED CAR LINE; covered with the finest of fruits; splendid water, and all the requirements to make a delightful home at the ridiculously low prices of \$300 to \$650 per lot.

## GRAND PRIZE

Of the house, barn, windmill, tank, etc., valued at fully \$1500, will be presented for removal to the largest purchaser (by value) of lots in the tract.

## DON'T WAIT! BUY QUICK! ONLY 100 LOTS!

And there can be no second Park Front Tract on this delightful avenue. Free carriages daily at 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. No lots sold before day of sale.

EASIEST OF TERMS—One-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, with interest on the deferred payments at 10 per cent. per annum.

## MAPS AND FULL PARTICULARS FROM THE

Vernon Land Co.,  
NO. 16 S. MAIN ST.

## 100 CHOICE RESIDENCE LOTS

On the Installment Plan in the

SPOERL TRACT!  
ANAHEIM.

Remember, ANAHEIM IS NOT A PAPER TOWN, but one of the oldest towns in Los Angeles county, with a population of at least 2000, which is sure to double within the next six months.

## Lots \$165 to \$200 Each!

Terms, one-third cash; balance \$10 per month, without interest.

This tract is located within four blocks of the express and postoffice, banks, hotels and general business part of Anaheim.

Streets and sidewalks properly graded.

Lots covered with orange and lemon trees, and vines, all in bearing.

For maps and particulars, apply to

**MARRIED WOMEN'S NICKNAMES.**

The Old Ways in Which the Elites at Saratoga Address Their Wives.

When a stranger on the veranda of one of the big hotels at this place, says a Saratoga correspondent of the New York Sun, hears a man say, "Hurry up, little one," or "Come along, Birdie," he may be sure that it is a husband addressing his wife, and that she is enormously fat. Apparently all husbands of fat women address their wives with diminutives if not with nicknames fit only for small women, little girls. "Daisy," "Birdie," and "Baby" appear to be the pet names most favored by the hundreds of mammoth women. In this haven of conjugal rest, for Saratoga is distinctively for married couples and has less conveniences and attractions for lovers than any other place in America, one gets a deep knowledge of the ways of wedded folk. This matter of nicknames for wives is one of the most interesting studies. To pursue this branch of learning it is only necessary to sit for an hour or two, on any afternoon, while the mass is present in the inner garden of the United States Hotel, or of the Grand Union. There the married couples will do for the student. They will talk unguardedly in his hearing, and he will soon be able to classify the couples and the pet names, for certain names go with certain sorts of couples as infallibly as pie goes with the supper in New England.

The very well and exquisite young married men, who dress vainly and seek to give the impression that they belong to the F.C.D.C., dance at Demarco's and know all the fellows who own yachts, and their wives, and themselves, such as Puss, Chris, Hell, Fan, Loo, Tot. There seems to be only one marked exception in the list. You often hear one of these wives called "Popsy." There are two Popes at the Union. Oddly enough, the fathers of these same fellows, men so well kept that you can't say whether they are 45 or 65, are fond of drawing out the full names of their helpers, as, for instance, "Come here, Frances," or, "Now, my dear Eleanor, you must have a wrap." Equally fixed is the rule that men and women dye peacock feathers, and the like, are addressed by their liege lords as wife, madame or Miss Thompson, Misses Brown, or whatever. The invalid husbands, and all the primp and preen ones as well, address their better halves as "my dear." This, by the way, is the established custom with the Hebrews, though they usually are heard to pronounce the words "mine teer." The clergymen seem to have united upon the word "mother" as a title for their wives, and the men who are so common here, and who seem to be wrapped up in only girl or boy, call their wives "mn."

Other nicknames resist classification thus far, though perhaps the key to all can be found by diligent application. There is no end to the Dollys and the "my loves," while one hears a miscellaneous lot of passers-by addressing their comrades as "Pet." One plump little wife is gradually becoming known to everybody in one of the hotels as "Sugar," the nickname her husband calls out assiduously and loudly all day in the parlors and on the promenades. The temptation for others to call her Sugar is growing fearful. She is not the only feminine confection for at the States there is a dimpled belle who answers to her husband as "Sweetie;" and yesterday a very prim-looking wife, somewhat the shape of a board, was addressed as "Sweetness" before all the crowd at the spring in Congress Park. It may be an oversight, but there does not seem to be a "darling" in town. A ruddy-faced, corpulent man of 40, who looks as if he was born and brought up in the Stock Exchange, always addresses his wife as "Precious," and the hotel where he appears to half from the West, replies to his wife with "Yer Pigeon," "All right, Pigeon," and so on. As it happens, there is something about the wife's appearance or manner, or perhaps it is her shape, that renders this oddest of nicknames peculiarly appropriate. The young fellows who are spending their time in pulling the down on their upper lips are fond of pointing out "Sugar" to all their acquaintances, and in another week they will doubtless add "Pigeon" to their stock of fun.

**ATTACKED BY GRIZZLIES.**

Adventures Which Show That These Big Bears Are Aggressive.

(Harper's Magazine.)

Few persons believe that a grizzly will attack a man before he is himself attacked. I was one of those doubting Thomases until two years ago, when I was thoroughly convinced by ocular demonstration that some grizzlies at least will attempt to make a meal off a man even though he may not have harmed them previously. We were hunting in the Shoshone Mountains in Northern Wyoming, and had made a large elk in the morning, and on going out to the carcass in the afternoon to skin it, we saw that Bruin had been there ahead of us, but had fled on our approach. Without the least apprehension of his return, we leaned our rifles against a tree, about fifty feet away, and commenced work. There were three of us, but only two rifles. Mr. Hoffman, the photographer, having left his in camp. He had finished taking views of the carcass and were all busily engaged in skinning, when hearing a crashing in the brush, and a series of savage roars and growls, we looked up the hill, and were surprised to see three grizzly old female and two cubs, about two-thirds grown, charging upon us with all the fury of a pack of starving wolves upon a sheepfold.

They were between us and our rifles when we first saw them, and we sprang to our horses, which were picketed a few yards below, supposing, of course, that when the bears reached the elk carcass they would proceed to eat it, and pay no further attention to us. Strange to say, it was the carcass to which they paid no attention. They still came after us; we had no time for flight, and could not even release our mount our terror-stricken horses. Our only chance was fight for life, and with one accord we all three sprang our hunting knives and dashed at them. We threw our hats and called like Comanches, and the savage brutes, seeing themselves thus boldly confronted by equal numbers, stopped, dropped their jaws for a few moments, and then walked sullenly back up the hill into the brush. This gave us an opportunity to get hold of our rifles, and then it was our turn to charge. To make a long story short, we killed the old female and one cub; the other escaped into the jungle before we could get a shot at him. The result from this was that we saved our lives.

Another instance of a grizzly making an provoked attack upon a man was touched for by a man whom I knew to be strictly truthful. Two brothers were prospecting in a range of mountains near the head-waters of the Stinking Water River. The younger of the two, though an able-bodied man, and capable of doing a good day's work

with a pick or shovel, was weak-minded, and the elder brother never allowed him to go alone, and it's awfully hard to bring up the camp work alone. He, however, sent him one evening to a deep gorge, and the trail to it wound through some fissures in the rock. As the young man passed under a shelving rock an immense old female grizzly, that had taken up temporary quarters there, reached out and struck a powerful blow at his head, but fortunately was not aimed at the brain. The young man gashed around, and not knowing enough to be frightened, he attacked her savagely with the only weapon he had at hand—the camp kettle. The elder brother heard the racket, and hastily catching up his rifle, found his brother vigorously belaboring the bear over the head with the camp kettle, and the bear striking at him savagely, any one of which, if she could have reached him, would have torn his head off. The bear, however, was driven off by the rifle fire in rapid succession, loosed her hold upon the rocks, and she tumbled lifelessly into the trail. The poor idiotic boy could not even realize the danger through which he had passed, and could only appear his anger by continuing to mau the bear over the head with the camp kettle for several minutes after she was dead.

**KNICKKNACKS FOR MEN.**

**Costly Trinkets Provided for New York's "Jeunesse Dorée."**

(New York Herald.)

A multitude of trinkets, some of them bearing an appearance of utility, have recently appeared in the jewelers' stores, and show the luxurious tastes of men of today. Among these is a pocket pencil costing \$150. This is set along the length of the handle with four rows of rubies, sapphires and diamonds. A jeweled pocket-knife that costs \$40 is set with a ruby and a sapphire, and sides decorated with a diamond on the other. For \$40 the purchaser can obtain a knife with a heavy gold handle in raised work with rose-cut finish, or a golden handle worked in imitation of alligator skin.

Novel styles in match boxes in gold and silver are specially fancied. A match box in rough gold, and having the form of a tree stump, with the smooth, oblique upper surface set with rubies, diamonds and sapphires, costs \$50; the same price is paid for a match box in silver chased with lilies of the valley, and oxidized. A more simple style with white satin finish and gold.

For a cigar cutter in gold, with diamonds, sapphires and rubies, a buyer draws his check for \$50. Cigarette boxes in silver and etched cost \$15. Handsome liquor flasks for traveling uses are frequently in silver, finely etched. One of these, costing \$45, shows a beautifully executed design of the Hebrews, though they usually are heard to pronounce the words "mine teer."

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**THE COLORED TROOPS.**

**Regiments That Enlisted Before the Massachusetts Organizations.**

(Correspondence Washington Star.)

Wherever the enlistment and services of colored soldiers in the late war have been spoken of it has been the custom to hold up the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiments as the banners and pioneer colored organizations. I see by a late issue of your valuable paper that the Butler contradicted this in which he is fully corroborated by the official records of the War Department. It will interest many, especially old soldiers, to know the exact facts in this regard, and it certainly is time that they were generally known.

The official records of the War Department show that the very first colored troops enlisted in the military service of the Government were the First, Second, Third and Fourth Regiments "Louisiana Native Guards" enlisted by order of Gen. Butler, and immediately changed by him to "Corps d'Afrique," and afterward the designations of these regiments became, by order of the War Department, the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth United States Colored Infantry. The dates of the completion of their organization were September 27, October 12 and November 24, 1862, and March 6, 1863, respectively. In Kansas the organization of the First Kansas Colored Infantry was begun January 13 and completed May 1, 1863, and it was immediately sent to the field and saw much hard service and fighting. The designation of this regiment was afterward changed by the War Department to the Seventy-ninth United States Colored Infantry. In South Carolina the organization of the First South Carolina Volunteers was completed on January 31, 1863, its designation being afterward changed to Thirty-third United States Colored Infantry.

Now come, in point of time, the Massachusetts regiments. Of these the organization of the Fifty-fourth was commenced March 30 and completed May 13, 1863, and that of the Fifty-fifth was commenced May 31 and completed June 22, 1863.

Thus it is seen that prior even to the commencement of the organization of either Massachusetts regiments, the Thirty-third, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth and Seventy-ninth Regiments United States Colored Infantry were in the field. This is from the books, and disposes of the claim that Massachusetts was the first to enlist and employ colored soldiers.

The organization of the Massachusetts regiments participated with loss in five engagements. In these its loss was: Officers killed, 5; wounded, 18; enlisted men killed, 28; wounded, 196; missing, 144; total casualties, 391. The Seventy-ninth (First Kansas) participated with loss in thirteen engagements.

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The casualties of some of the other regiments engaged in the campaign of 1864-'65 were as follows: Fourth Regiment, 375; Fifth Regiment, 289; Sixth Regiment, 251; Seventh Regiment, 264; Eighth Regiment, 414; Twenty-second Regiment, 271. The casualties given above are actual battle casualties. From these figures it will be seen that several regiments suffered greater loss in the battles than did the Massachusetts regiments, while many regiments lost nearly as heavily. These facts are not submitted with any claim of superiority of the Massachusetts regiments, but to correct some popular errors and to show also that some laurels may belong elsewhere. Very respectfully,

EX-OFFICER U. S. C. T.  
Moraine, Col., August 23d.

**A Permanent Question.**  
(See "Practical Joke.")

Justice Field thinks it is an invasion of private rights to inquire into the alleged corruption of legislatures. Would he extend the privilege from legislatures to courts?

**THAT BOTTLE OF WINE.**

**A Practical Joke That Had to Be Explained and Proved a Boomerang.**

(Washington Star.)

Two humorous assistant examiners in the Patent Office recently played what they considered an excellent practical joke on their chief, the principal examiner, who was noted for his temperance principles. They filled a wine bottle with watercolored with red and green ink, and the top encased in foil, and then inserted the bottle in a small wooden straw case that wine bottles are transported in. It had a very impressive appearance, and it seemed to be a bottle of rare wine. The humorists presented it to their chief as a slight token of their esteem, but instead of kindly but firmly refusing to accept it, their chief, to their unbound surprise, expressed the greatest delight, and, after thanking them warmly, he said it was the thing he wanted, as his sister, who lived away from home, was quite sick and he had been intending to send her a bottle of wine. He said that he would send this bottle to her at once, as he had no time to go to the store to buy one. The two assistants retired from their chief considerably damaged at this unexpected turn, and after consultation together they prevailed upon a friend to go to their chief and gently break to him the news of the true character of his present. This was done, and the chief procured another bottle to send to his sick sister. There is a marked air of reserve and formality pervading that examiner's room just now.

**Protecting Against Petticoats.**  
(See London Letter.)

That distinguished Parisienne, Mme. de Valmy, has been petitioning the French legislature in favor of the emancipation of women from petticoats. Her case is that petticoats are very dangerous, leading to innumerable fatal accidents, and that trousers are just as decent, more healthy and far less expensive. All this is very true, though I do not suppose that if the French were as free as our own countrywomen are to dress as they like they would much use use of their liberty. The point which Madame de Valmy makes is that trousers do not afford the same scope for decoration as petticoats. They cannot be trimmed to any considerable extent, and the effect of an improver or bustle worn under them would be absurd. I have always wondered, however, that serious ladies in this country do not set more store by this branch of progress. If I were a woman I would much rather have a pair of trousers than a vote or even a university degree.

They were between us and our rifles when we first saw them, and we sprang to our horses, which were picketed a few yards below, supposing, of course, that when the bears reached the elk carcass they would proceed to eat it, and pay no further attention to us. Strange to say, it was the carcass to which they paid no attention. They still came after us; we had no time for flight, and could not even release our mount our terror-stricken horses. Our only chance was fight for life, and with one accord we all three sprang our hunting knives and dashed at them. We threw our hats and called like Comanches, and the savage brutes, seeing themselves thus boldly confronted by equal numbers, stopped, dropped their jaws for a few moments, and then walked sullenly back up the hill into the brush. This gave us an opportunity to get hold of our rifles, and then it was our turn to charge. To make a long story short, we killed the old female and one cub; the other escaped into the jungle before we could get a shot at him. The result from this was that we saved our lives.

Another instance of a grizzly making an provoked attack upon a man was touched for by a man whom I knew to be strictly truthful. Two brothers were prospecting in a range of mountains near the head-waters of the Stinking Water River. The younger of the two, though an able-bodied man, and capable of doing a good day's work

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**THE CHURCHES.****THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF A NEW CHURCH.**

A High Tribute is Paid Rev. Dr. Darcey by His Late Congregation—Services at the Third Congregational Church.

The corner-stone of the German Evangelical Church was laid with fitting ceremonies yesterday morning at No. 548 Earl street.

Rev. F. Branke opened the exercises with salutation, prayer and recitations of Psalms, xvi.

Miss Emma Kahler's rendition of the community song was well received.

P. Branke, the pastor of the church, delivered a sermon, taking his text from St. Peter, ii, 5 and 8: "The spirits were tempestuous." He went on to say that his first sermon was the anniversary of his first sermon in Los Angeles and that, by the aid of his congregation he had brought together the members of his faith, and thus by their united efforts they were about to consecrate a new building to God. He said: "It should be truly dedicated to the Lord for us to have it for us; and in building this edifice we should forget any worldly motive, and only remember the kindness bestowed upon us by the Creator and make this building a monument to his everlasting greatness."

The choir then sang "Praise to the Lord," in an earnest and sincere manner. The Rev. W. B. Stradley made an address, in which he brought to mind his first meeting with Mr. Branke, and how pleased he was to witness the success attendant upon his efforts.

Minkus sang a hymn, at the close of which Mr. Branke pronounced the benediction, and the congregation dispersed, well pleased with the progress that they had made.

**First Baptist Church.**

At the close of the regular service yesterday morning, Rev. G. S. Abbott, of Oakwood, officiating, the committee appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the society in accepting the resignation of the pastor, presented the following:

WORKEAS, the beloved pastor, J. W. Dorsey, who has so faithfully and acceptably served us for the past six years, has been compelled by threatened physical disability of himself and by the almost complete prostration of his wife, to resign the pastorate. These six years have been foremost in every department of our ladies' church work, to resign his pastorate and retire for a time from the ministry.

Resolved, that in accepting the resignation of Mr. Dorsey, we lose the loss of the main factor that has raised the First Baptist church of Los Angeles from a position of weakness and obscurity to that which it now occupies.

That the pastor's struggles and trials of the past six years Brother and Sister Dorsey, by their noble self-sacrifice and willingness to take upon themselves the heaviest burdens, have ever set us a worthy example and inspired our hearts to undertake more things, and to labor more faithfully in the Lord's vineyard.

That in the retirement of Brother Dorsey from the ministry, not only this church, but the Baptist cause throughout the State, stands to suffer, and we must sincerely pray for a season of rest and travel may enable him to return with renewed powers to the active work of the ministry in which his labor has so abundantly blessed.

J. H. BREWER,  
MISS VILLA DOZIER,  
A. C. PORTER,  
Committee.

**Third Congregational Church.**

Yesterday morning, at the Third Congregational Church, Rev. J. Uzzell preached on the subject, "Upon what I build My church." The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Matthew xvi, 18. God has always had a church; that His church was founded 2247 years before Christ Abraham had the call of a church, but in the church of today we see illustrated only the same church, that which is composed of the doctrine which teaches obedience to God, entire faith in God's promise.

Paul refers to the faith in God in II Corinthians, vi, 17-18. See the type of the church, before it was set up, the converts 3000 souls, and it had forth taking that as my standpoint, that it takes now 3000 sermons to convert one soul. This is the church as God meant it to be; it was meant for a house for His ministers to work, and for the people to come to seek a soul, but when that soul is redeemed he finds perfect rest in the house of God, God means us to work. All Christians are ministered to God, and just as much rests upon them to save a soul, to help find a house, as it does upon the servants of God who have that special calling.

**SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO****A Noted Place Which is About to Boom.**

A member of THE TIMES' reporter corps, desiring to spend his vacation "far from the madding crowd," turned his face seaward last week and journeyed toward the pretty, ancient, but little-known village of San Juan Capistrano. The trip was undertaken virtually without the least preparation, and was, to a certain extent, a step in the dark, yet from the moment of entering the old-fashioned leather-sprung Concord coach, which plies between Santa Ana and San Juan, until the last farewell had been said to Col. M. Mendelson and his lady, the whole-souled proprietor of the Mendelson House at San Juan, it was the most enjoyable outing that man ever experienced.

It is more than likely that the Concord coach affords will within a few short weeks be retired from the road between these points, as the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, with its usual enterprise, has built a road from Santa Ana through Tustin, Moreloska and Covina, connecting with the San Juan. It was the most enjoyable outing that man ever experienced.

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Real Estate—Santa Fe Springs.

## SANTA FE SPRINGS!

FORMERLY FULTON WELLS,

Will Be Put on the Market Monday, September 12th.

SALESROOMS, 116 WEST FIRST STREET. E. S. MOULTON, AGENT.

The Finest Health Resort in Southern California.

Location, Climate, Soil, Scenery and Surroundings Unsurpassed.

Situated thirteen miles from Los Angeles, on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, between Los Angeles and San Diego, it will have the benefit of all through trains; while numerous suburban trains to and from this city will give the new town unrivaled railroad facilities.

A thoroughly equipped hotel, with commodious bath houses, was opened to the public on September 1st, and a handsome church and fine school-house add to the conveniences of the place.

This is another of the towns of the Pacific Land Improvement Company, who have had such great success in placing their town property on the market. This is the official town-building corporation of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system in Southern California, and its interest in the place is a guarantee of success.

Water in abundance will be piped over the entire tract. The valuation of lots is extremely low and terms easy.

First purchasers will come in on bottom figures and secure the advantage of the rapid rise which attends all of this company's sales. Liberal per cent. off on first day of sale ONLY.

## Pacific Land Improvement Company,

GEORGE H. FULLERTON, President.

ROOM 21, WILSON BLOCK, LOS ANGELES.

E. S. MOULTON, Sales Agent, - - - - 116 West First Street, Los Angeles.

G. L. HAZZARD, Resident Agent, Santa Fe Springs. Postoffice Address. Fulton Wells.

Real Estate.

**Keep your Eye on Our List,**

**BARGAINS LIST**

Lot in Ellis tract, \$900.  
Lot in Weisendanger tract, \$625.  
Lot on Tenth street, \$2240 feet, \$4000.  
\$4000—Large lot in Fulton Wells tract.  
Lots in Foreston tract, \$1600.  
Lots in Hego tract, \$2000.  
Lots in Pealius tract, \$100 to \$300.  
Lots in Urmston tract, \$1000.  
Lots in City Center tract, \$1000.  
Lots in Dinkelberger tract, \$1500.  
Lots in Gandy tract, \$1000.  
Lots in Sunset tract, \$900 to \$1500.  
Lots in Burbank, \$350 to \$450.  
Lots in Vasson tract, \$1000.  
Lots in Vasson tract, \$1000.  
Lots in East Fourth street, \$250 per foot.  
Lots in Main street, \$1800.  
Lots on Court street, \$850.  
Lots in City View tract, \$225.  
Lots in Franklin tract, \$1000 to \$1400.  
Lots in Mapa tract, \$400.  
Lots in Electric tract, \$500.  
Lots in Royal tract, \$475.  
Lots in Royal tract, \$750 to \$1100.  
Lots in Waterloo tract, \$900 to \$1100.  
Lots in Greenwell tract, \$1050.  
Lots in Ward street, \$600.  
Lots on Virginia street, \$1100.  
Lots in Kaya tract, \$2200.

**RANCH PROPERTY.**  
23 acres two miles from Orange city; good house and barn, 5 acres in fruit, 15 acres in grapes, at a bargain.  
40 acres at Ontario, \$150 per acre.  
40 acres in Orange, \$150 per acre.  
30 acres in Los Cerritos, good house, 30 acres in cultivation, 2 acres in fruits, all under fence, 40 water shares; price, \$125 per acre.  
57 acres on Pico, half mile from end of car line, \$450 per acre.  
54 acres in Pomona, \$600 per acre.  
24 acres on Sixth street, \$500 per acre.

**HOUSES.**  
\$100—House and lot in Sunset tract.  
\$300—Brick house and garden street.  
\$200—House, corner Tenth and Flower.  
\$400—House on Olive street.  
\$250—House and furniture.  
\$500—House and lot on Pearl.  
\$300—House and lot on Pearl.  
\$750—House and lot on Tenth and Flower.

Lee Bros. & Douglass, - - 122 West First Street.

**PUT ON THE BRAKES**

"What is this?"

"Lots in Anaheim for \$100 each."

Something for Capitalists, Business men, Workmen, Everybody.

The Locomotive addition to Anaheim, within one-half mile of the Southern Pacific depot.

Anaheim is no paper town, but is one of the most flourishing and prosperous towns in Southern California.

FACTS ABOUT ANAHEIM.

It is within one hour's ride of Los Angeles.

It is the best fruit from old ocean.

It is the best fruit section.

It raises the finest grapes.

It makes the best wine.

It is connected with the East by two Trans-

continental Railways.  
It has good public schools.  
It has good churches.  
It has three fine hotels.  
It has the purest water and plenty of it.  
It has the best class of citizens.  
It offers the best inducements to capitalists.  
It offers the best chance to a poor man for a home.

These lots will be sold for \$100 each.

Terms—\$25 cash, \$10 per month without interest.

McDuffee Bros., 316 N. Main St., Los Angeles.

Locators of Government, State and Railway Land.

Real Estate—Santa Fe Springs.

Real Estate.

PACIFIC LAND IMPROVEMENT CO.,

Room 21, Wilson Block, Los Angeles.

FACTS ABOUT FULLERTON.

Fullerton is a town site on the San Diego division of the Santa Fe Railroad, twenty-three miles southwest of Los Angeles and three miles north of Anaheim. It is a regular station on that railway and all trains will stop there on that road and all trains will stop there.

ADVANTAGES.

Fullerton has the most productive country tributary to it of any new town site laid out in Southern California; the country around is not only its territory, but also the source of water. The water is derived from the Anaheim ditch, which, as is well known, is the most copious supply in Southern California.

The famous Gilman ranch adjoins the townsite of Fullerton. The Gilman place is the "show place" of the county, containing some of the finest buildings ever erected in Southern California.

There from all parts of the country and shown as a sample of what can be done in the way of building, there are many fine buildings.

Land and houses are being sold at prices lower than those asked for in and about Pasadena.

OSTRICHES.

The original and largest ostrich farm is only one mile from the town, and is a great source of interest to tourists. One hundred acres may be counted.

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

runs through the center of the town, one mile long, and is the best avenue in the town. The will be one of the finest avenues in the Southern country. Lined with umbrella-shaped shade-trees, and the soil naturally adapted to growing, paths as hard as asphalt, and never dusty or muddy.

ASPHALTUM.

Immaculate depots, oil and asphaltum occur in the neighborhood.

PRICES OF LAND.

Ordinary land without water can be purchased for from \$75 to \$250 per acre; best land with water at \$250 to \$750 per acre, and there is but little difference in the price paid for land readily at \$1000 per acre within six months.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TOWN OF FULLERTON.

A \$50,000 hotel is now in course of erection and will be finished within ninety days; two other \$10,000 brick buildings are now under construction, and will be ready for occupancy at the same time. A bank with \$100,000 capital is incorporated, and will put up a \$10,000 pressed-brick building, which will be the largest in the town. Other buildings are now in course of construction, and many lots have been sold conditionally upon brick buildings being erected thereon immediately.

A cement sidewalk six feet wide is now being laid upon all the principal streets; water piped in throughout the town and under good pressure through the streets.

PRICES OF LOTS.

Lots range in price from \$100 to \$700; all streets are graded and there is not an undesirable lot in the entire townsite, as the ground is perfectly level, with a slight fall from the foot-hills.

SOIL.

The soil is a fine sandy loam which neither gets muddy nor dusty.

CLIMATE.

Fullerton being only eight miles from the mountains on the other side of the foothill, thus producing a lower temperature in summer, and at the same time the proximity to the ocean gives more equal temperatures than any new town in Southern California.

For prices of town lots and acre property, inquire of

WILSHIRE & CO.,  
14 N. Spring St., Los Angeles,  
AMERIGE BROS., Anaheim, Cal.

T. WIESENDANGER.

I will sell 1500 acres of the most fertile land, with water piped; a grand eminence, with magnificent view, suitable for a grand hotel and town site; twenty miles from Los Angeles.

A RARE BARGAIN.	AMERICAN BARGAIN.	\$800 20 a.	\$600 20 a.
Railroad.			
D. J. R.	SH.	\$60,000 otol.	

Twenty acres, highly improved, at Anaheim, next to \$50,000 hotel. Hotel block of 18 acres sold for \$20,000. Price—\$10,000; cash, one-third. Next block of 20 acres, \$12,000.

\$125 cash will buy a share in a syndicate, which is sure to return a very large profit. Call today! See into this!

65 acres on Pico street at \$750.

80 acres at Anaheim, improved, \$150.

320 acres moist land, three miles west of city limits, \$300 per acre; cash, \$150.

140 acres, three miles from city limits, \$300 per acre.

T. WIESENDANGER,  
25 West First street.

CUMMINGS & ROTHSCHILD,

Real Estate Brokers,

NO. 5 SOUTH MAIN ST.,

Opposite Grand Opera House.

LOOK AT OUR BARGAINS.

#1200—Lot in Star tract, clean side street.

#1000—Lot in Arlington avenue.

#500—Lots in Shafer tract, Washington street.

#200—Lots in Vernon avenue.

#200—Lots in Union street.

#200—Lots in Vermejo.

#200—House and lot on Maple ave., near 7th.

#150—Lots on 7th.

#300—Choice lots in Montague tract.

#400—Lot on Grandave, Longstreet tract.

#1800—Lot corner Fifth and Sunset avenue, between Main street and Grand avenue; street car line.

#1800—Large lot in Grandave, New tract.

#2000—Each—2 lots on Grand ave., Hege tract.

#1000—Lot 17, block 1, on Bellview avenue.

#1000—Lot 18, block 1, on Bellview avenue.

#2000—Manhattan avenue, Longstreet tract.

#3000—I lot clean side Estrella avenue, Park View tract; half acre balance; year terms.

#3000—Lot 10, Kane street, Hellman tract.

#2500—Bargain; large lot Longstreet tract.

#2500—Each—3 lots in Ellis tract; easy terms.

#2000—Lots on 7th.

#1500—Lots on 12th.

#1500—Lots on 13th.

#1500—Lots on 14th.

#1500—Lots on 15th.

#1500—Lots on 16th.

#1500—Lots on 17th.

#1500—Lots on 18th.

#1500—Lots on 19th.

#1500—Lots on 20th.

#1500—Lots on 21st.

#1500—Lots on 22nd.

#1500—Lots on 23rd.

#1500—Lots on 24th.

#1500—Lots on 25th.

#1500—Lots on 26th.

#1500—Lots on 27th.

#1500—Lots on 28th.

#1500—Lots on 29th.

#1500—Lots on 30th.

#1500—Lots on 31st.

#1500—Lots on 1st.

#1500—Lots on 2nd.

rents, each spanned by a stout bridge. To construct this part of the road required almost as much skill and labor as were employed in building the section along the Fraser River. In many places new trestles show where the avalanches and floods of the previous winter had cut vast channels through the line, and in the ravines below were seen huge boulders and trunks of broken trees, mixed with splintered ties and twisted rails. The costly experience which was gained by the heavy damage of last winter is being utilized in the construction of stouter bridges, walls to turn the avalanches, and sheds to shelter from the slides of snow—so that little trouble is anticipated in the coming season of cold weather.

The actual snowfall—although it aggregated thirty-seven feet last winter upon the top of the Selkirks—has not interfered in the least with the running of trains. "We don't mind six feet of clear snow," said the fireman who came forward on the locomotive to point out to us the damage caused by the slides; "our snow-plows walk right through it. But to bat at a slide on one's curves, when you don't know just where that isn't so pleasant." "Suppose," we said, "we glanced into the valley, a thousand feet below, where the forest set up the points of its trees at a distance that made them look like pins; 'Suppose a locomotive should leave the track hereabouts?'" The fireman shrugged his shoulders. "The money you would get for the machine for old iron wouldn't pay to get it up," he replied, "and we should be lucky if enough of us was found to hold an inquest on."

Such scenes as these do not alarm us on the conveyer; we can feel every movement of the engineer; when his hand opens the throttle we know it from the engine's glad bound; when he checks our speed by a touch of the air-brake we experience a sensation as if we were held in a leash. We now come out of the mountains upon a level stretch of meadowy meadows, down which we fly at lightning speed, the rush of air bringing tears to our eyes, and a tingling sensation to our faces, and filling us with exhilaration by the mad dash over the scattered meadows. Then we strike the gorges again, and see before us a vast cloud of snowy smoke, streaked with red tongues of flame, apparently upon the very track over which we must pass. We run down an avenue set thickly on both sides with lofty cedars, which give the effect of some cathedral nave indefinitely prolonged. The wind wafts to us the odor of spicy gums, sweated from the trees by the stress of heat from numerous forest fires, the smoke from whose censorious perfume perpetually hangs in the air.

A little below we came upon the fire, roaring up the mountain side at the left of us, the woods hissing and groaning at its touch, the earth from time to time shaken by the fall of some giant of the forest, which has come to this ignominious end at last. Then a rumbling leap over the rushing Columbia, here 700 miles from the sea, and we dismount at the pleasant station of Donald. After so much noise and excitement, stupendous scenery and natural wonder—peace. We see it in a little knot of graves upon the side of the hill, the flowers growing by the head-board, where sleep the victims of an avalanche which swept upon a party of track-repairers last winter and buried five of them beyond rescue under tons of ice and snow. It was with a certain rude sentiment, and with an appreciation of the true fitness of things, that their companions laid them here; their requiem, the eternal roar of the Columbia, their watchers, the solemn heights of eternal snow; their monument, the wonderful road which their efforts helped to build.

SIDNEY DICKINSON.

#### PROBLEM OF THE BUSTLE.

**AMERICAN WOMEN IN PARIS WHO HAVE STARTED A NEW REVOLUTION.** (Paris Correspondent of London Telegraph.)

Finishing myself the other day in the company of some charming American women, and noting the almost entire absence of anything like *tournure* to mar the flowing lines of their most becoming and long trailing gowns, I began to put some faith in the report that we are on the eve of another dress revolution. It will not be the first time, by any means, that our transatlantic friends have taken the initiative. I believe it will be a real American invention, therefore it is meet that they should make society some amends for the artistic wrong done to it. Perhaps it is going too far to hope that we are to return to sculptural folds once more and clinging skirts, or that the change contemplated is the complete eradication from feminine skirts of all such substances as steel and horsehair. This, almost all dressmakers will tell you, is impossible, nor is it, perhaps, advisable from an economic and practical point of view that that transformation should be suddenly and abruptly.

What would be done with the dresses now in wear? They would have to be either set aside, altogether or altered, and the possessors thereof must either demand an increased dress allowance—alas! for fathers and husbands—or doom their maid-servants, more often themselves, to wholesale unripping and remaking. All skirts, to set well, as it is must be cut three inches longer behind, if not more, to give the springs and cushion fair play. Now, in the case of round skirts worn entirely without *tournure*, the back breadths need be no longer than the front. There is no doubt that the dress improver is of sigmoid form, while draped skirts are concerned. Indeed, custom has rendered it almost a necessity, or so ordinary dressmakers, not extraordinary innovators, declare. Therefore, it is very probable that the promised revolution will only be a half-hearted one after all, and that if little or no support be provided for training robes, or those which sweep the ground after the new manner, only a few inches, costumes made with draped upper skirts will be to a degree sustained, as heretofore on a substrata of steel and horse-hair.

Be this as it may, everything points towards a decided reduction in the volume of skirts: the question will be—is almost—how to do with the least possible amount of "improvement," whereas hitherto it has been all the other way. Worth has for some months past left very little room in the foundation skirt for any extra fullness at the back, and in the arrangement of the upper draperies simplicity is and has been the prominent feature. A couple of breadth, lined or merely edged, are pleated to the waist, and allowed to fall loosely, or one single wide breadth of woolen has two of its sides tucked in folds, so that a single long point hangs behind; or again, the tunie is a second rather scanty skirt lifted up in one or two places at the sides. The dressmakers who pleat and gather a large quantity of stuff about a lady's figure are not following the best models, and I must warn the reader against imitating too closely the plates in the fashion books.

**Where Peppermints Grow.**  
On Myrtle Belle, what do you s'pose?  
It's really dear, is so—  
I've been down into Candy Land  
To see where pep'mints grow.  
I've been to Grandpa Percy's, dear,  
Almost a month, seems it?  
And, playing in the meadow there,  
I sniffed a pep'mint sniff.  
At first I thought the candy-man  
Was waiting there for me;  
And then I spied, O Myrtle Belle,  
A cunning pep mint tree.  
There was no candy to be seen,  
But baby flowers instead—  
But they mean candy by and by—  
Peppermints white and red.  
And so when grandpa harvests in  
His citron, squash and quince,  
I'm going down to Candy Land  
To get my peppermints.  
—Bertha H. Burnham in *Wide Awake*.

—

**A Variation of Hood.**  
I remember, I remember,  
That bonnet-thingie for torn,  
The wind that whirled the smell  
Of hash came in at worn.  
I mixed the broken looking-glass,  
The servant girl from County Clare,  
Whose face would stop a clock.

—

I remember, I remember,  
The guita—perchá hen.  
They used to serve as chick of spring.  
To the wind that whirled the smell  
We blasted it with dynamite.  
We vexed its bones full sore,  
In vain; 'twas never appeased,  
For when the wind blew more.

—

I remember, I remember,  
The next room's foolish night,  
Who practiced the flat cornet.  
From early morn that night,  
We vexed its bones full sore,  
"Sweet Violets" and more.  
But when he tried "We Never Speak,"  
We wallowed in his gore.

—

I remember, I remember,  
The wind that whirled the smell  
Blew by with shoulder and shoulder.  
The symptoms of a chill.  
I also call to mind the night  
When the wind blew more,  
When into space I dropped my trunk,  
And through the dark skipped it.  
—(Chicago Herald).

—

**\$40—Madison Park Lots—\$40.**

Owing to the rapid advance of real estate in this locality, and the demand for property near the ocean, I have made another subdivision in this tract, and now offer for a few days choice lots at \$40: \$10 down, \$5 per month, without interest. Sale of the original owner, A. R. Walters, Wilmington, or A. C. Tubbs & Co., No. 3 East First street, Los Angeles.

—

**"Sunset."**

The sunset boulevard from Los Angeles to Santa Monica reaches its summit at sunset, making a fine driveway 100 feet wide, lined with double rows of shade trees. Sale of town lots in Sunset begins Monday morning, August 15th, Room 16, over Los Angeles National Bank, upstairs. E. E. Hall, Secretary.

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## LIFE IN VIENNA.

A Jerky Description of Scenes in the Interesting Austrian Capital.

Women here carry hoods and mix mortar. Peculiar class. From the provinces. Wear long boots to the knee. Short skirts to the boots. Practical dress. But not ornamental. Seven different costumes seen daily on the streets. Laborers at noon lie down and sleep on the pavements. Ditto in the parks on the grass. Both sexes seen lying side by side. No "keep off the grass" at every turning. Polish Jew frequent. In like gowns riding on heels, high boots, and long corkscrews etc. Look like Othello. Big dogs drawing handcarts. Street cars won't stop for you. Only at certain places. Indicated by signpost on track. The tub the universal vessel to carry things in. Oval shape. One stave longer than the rest. So it can be bound on the carrier's back. Carries all the water up the six or seven pairs of stone stairs in the Vienna houses. Clean clothes ditto for wash. Separate shops for brandy, beer and wine. Peasant on a spree carries green twigs stuck in his hat band to indicate to the Vienna public his green men and mean condition. Hacks hung low on the wheels. Drivers in uniform. Everything's in uniform here. Fare low. Ten cents carries you from Dombach to Leopoldstadt. Suburban villages five or six miles distant. Emperor and Empress are frequently seen driving on the streets. No fuss; all hats go off as they go. Soldiers everywhere; sentries ditto, in a chronic condition of saluting officers. Fleas abundant. Everybody eats at the restaurant. Vienna is all restaurant on the ground floor. Little home cooking left. Mangle and roller in the universals breakfast. Melange is half coffee and half hot milk, always brought you in a tall tumbler with a big tablespoon. Living here is very public. If you hire a room the chances are you must pass through somebody's bed-room to get to it or have some pass through yours. Female help, indifferent or oblivious to gentlemen lodgers, come right in at all hours, and without knocking, when oil burns.

Stoves are like monuments, nine feet high, covered with glass. The furnaces holds about two quarts of coal. This rest is monument. Handsome men, good shapes, full chests, fine bass voices. A pleasure to sit in railway stations and hear the officials in charge call the trains. Handsome women ditto. Everybody out on the street and shopping by 8 or 9 in the morning. Nap at noon. Gardens full of families dining in open-air at 5 p.m. They go till 9. Music, flowers, statuary all about. Eating not done at a gulp. More happiness to the square yard. Newspapers small. Outside world disposed of in twenty lines. Lots of small contributions, papers, "Trivialities," an even paper. Round porgads. Girl inside. No room for more. Sells lemonade, orangeade, soda water and other light foggy fluid. People here always swallowing something.

Elevator at hotel. Big fuss over it. Two men in uniform to run it. Pace, mile an hour. Beds all single. Everybody tries to sleep here. One more bed on top of bed-quilt. Very light, full of feathers, in green silk bag. Barracks everywhere. Six stories. Full of soldiers. Soldiers everywhere. Drilling everywhere. Drills everywhere. Training everywhere. Soldiers marching past hotel at 5 in the morning. Always getting ready to kill somebody. Same all over Europe. Never out of sight of a bayonet. Nations here are awfully afraid of each other. Singular pumps. Very tall. Long crooked, iron handle. Reach to the ground. Tobacco shops all run by Government. Keep stamps also. Invariable sign over door "K.K." (King and Kaiser.) The Emperor does all the tobacco business. Not much tobacco in their cigars. Washed off. Prices of tobacco and alcohol always marked on articles in shop windows. Helps one to learn the language. Read and translate as you walk.

Cultivated shade trees lay over anything in America. Six rows, full grown, in some streets, with walks underneath. Fountains, benches everywhere. Business streets all shaded, not bare to the sun like Broadway or 5th avenue. Bath-houses five stories high. Everybody here really washes by the bath and not by the bed-room wash. Went to one. Girl came in. Took my money. Turned me over to another girl. Black-eyed. Good looking. Went in with me. Turned on water, hot and cold. Both of us waited for the tub to fill up. Wondered if she'd leave. Strange country. Novel customs. Tub fills up. Girl leaves. Examine door. No lock. Took off collar. Girl bursts in again. Brought more towels. And then aprons. Wondered what they were for. Found out. Inquired of the girl. What do you suppose? To pass on—ones behind, the other before, and sit still in while, after using the hot water, the girl went back to the cold. No handling of water by customers. Vienna bath. Girl must do it all. No such place as Vienna known in Austria. Austrian name, Wien. From the bit of a river running through it. Danube river in rear of city. Timber rafts always passing. Miles and miles of cultivated pine forests in Austria. Pass through them by rail. No underbrush. Trees tall and straight by tens of thousands.

## MURDERED HIS BISHOP.

The Gentlemanly Person Who Told Bishop Seghers He Must Die.

Charles D. Kennedy, third lieutenant of the United States steamer Bear, now cruising in the Arctic ocean, wrote home to his father at New Bedford, Mass., under date of July 10:

"After leaving Unalaska we visited St. Michaels, and there I arrested Frank Fuller for the murder of Bishop Seghers in November. I will turn the prisoner over to the authorities at Unalaska on the return of the Bear. The man is one of the most generally unprincipled persons I ever met, and is I think undoubtedly insane on that point. He thinks his life is in constant danger, and that the bishop was planning to have him killed. He awoke the bishop, told him that one of them must die, and as the bishop was the better prepared he must be the one. He fired his rifle, and the bullet struck the bishop in the forehead, passing out through the back of his head. He then brought the body to St. Michaels on a dog-sled, and the body is now in the possession of one of the fathers. Fuller was not a priest, but simply an attendant of the bishop, and was very handy, as well as quite an intelligent man. He wears a rosary around his neck, and spends most of his time reading a prayer book. In an entry which Bishop Seghers made in his diary he said for the third time he had noticed unmistakable signs of insanity in Fuller. The bishop was universally loved by the Indians, miners, and all with whom he came in contact."

Ocean breeze at Rosecrans, only six miles from Los Angeles. Carriages leave daily from our office, Wilson block, 24 West First street.

The Highest Authority, William Hammond Hall, the State Engineer, who has had years of experience in land and water in California, after a full examination of the Rancho Ex-Mt. on San Fernando, reports to the owner, Mr. Porter Land and Water Company, as follows: "You have 10,000 to 11,000 acres, and perhaps more, of really fine land, mostly land for cultivation, with soils not to be exceeded for fertility, and very favorable for irrigation, and in a neighborhood whose climate is well-adapted to the bests of agriculture, horticultural and vineyard productions usual in this country." Mr. Hall has been employed by the company to develop a complete plan for the irrigation of the tract, report to owners for San Fernando, Sylmar, Pacoima and Pacoima creeks, and from the immense ciénegas located upon the ranch, and the public may expect the finest water system in California upon this property. Office, room No. 9, Los Angeles National Bank building, corner First and Spring streets. A man always at San Fernando, with conveyances, to show the property.

PORTER LAND AND WATER CO.,  
By John B. Baskin, Secretary and sole agent.

Wynteka. The demand for lots and acres in Wynteka is rapidly increasing, but the company is only able to put this property on the market before Monday, September 12th, at which time the sale will positively commence. Rounds, Miller & Co., 115 West First street, upstairs.

WOMAN'S INVESTMENT COMPANY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, 41 S. Spring Street, Room 11. Mrs. Ellen S. Barker, president; Mrs. B. C. Forsyth, vice-president; Miss Mary E. Fox, secretary; Mrs. Emma C. Gordon, treasurer.

Ross, Atwater & Co., South Street front, will give you a bargain at any time, in lots, improved property or acres. Bargains in Pasadena and C. C. C. lands. Call and see us.

Los Angeles College. The fall term of the Los Angeles College for Young Women will open on Wednesday, September 11th. For catalogues apply to D. W. Hanna, President.

Sunset is the thermal bolt, above the fog, and no frost. It is ten minutes' ride to the ocean. Sale, Monday, August 13th. Room 10, over Los Angeles National Bank, upstairs. E. Hall, Secretary.

BANKS.

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS' BANK  
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ESTABLISHED IN 1863.

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Surplus and Reserve Fund ..... 500,000  
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## COWBOYS.

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A NEW YORKER

With Goreful Tales of Eating Ten-  
derfeet for Breakfast; But Are  
Paralyzed in Turn by the New  
Yorker's Sudden Ire.

(WILTON FISH, in Puck.)  
The amount of talk now current concerning cowboys goes to show an extreme forgetfulness of the proverb that enough is as good as a feast; or else a degree of mental weakness unparalleled among the earliest life-forms. One would think, from the papers that the population of this great rourde comprised only cowboys, with just a sufficient number of effete scholars and spiritless dudés to set the manly, dashing bull-whackers off to a proper advantage. We have cowboy for breakfast, cowboy for lunch, cowboy for dinner, the only thing they do not have, being dinner, every thing we should have, and that cowboy a la mode. Pugnaciously speaking, we Eastern men would not object to eating a few cowboys occasionally, by way of variety (show); but as an article of steady diet, they pall on us.

The horrified imagination will question as to when this outrage is to culminate. Is one to suppose that, this decade over, the cowboy will have grown into a cowman? And that, after a little further lapse of time, he will become a cowangel? A manly, dashing cow-angel, set off to high adventure by pair-inseated spurs and due seraphim? Our eyes are now.

Recently I had the qualified pleasure of taking a trip with a party of four by rail. The pleasure lay in the fact that two of the party were New York men; the qualification in the fact that the other two were cattle-men. We occupied the smoking-room together. As soon as might be, the westerners allowed it to transpire that they were cowboys. We began to fear. One of the New York men asked if among the cowboys life was held as lightly as the press reported. The cowboys snorted and answered and said: "No—generally. If a tender-foot treats the cowboys well, they'll treat him white. You get on the right side of the cowboys, and you're all right." The New York man said he "supposed so," and we all gave a sigh of relief at finding that, after all, cowboys were only human. Our Western friends felt we were not regarding the subject with sufficient awe.

"But you've got to get on their right side. If you don't, I wouldn't give that for your life!" The New York man opened his eyes. "You can't get on with cowboys," "em," you won't stand in 'em. You wear that hat out in Round-Up, and they'll shoot it full of holes." The New York man moved the offensive hat uneasily. "A cowboy is a cowboy. If he likes you, all right. But if he doesn't happen to kitten to your style"—the speaker jerked his thumb nonchalantly to the left—"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" echoed the second cowboy significantly.

"You've got to understand 'em.' The cowboys now expanded and seemed to carry the idea a little farther, could be probably spent in studying the deep subtleties of bullwhackers."

"If you don't understand 'em,' some day you'll run across 'em, and—good-bye!"

"But if a man goes ahead and minds his own business, they won't trouble him?" The New York man was alive with interest.

"Generally speaking," the cowboys said, "No." And when they had sufficiently enjoyed their cowardly relief, they qualified their first statement by adding: "Generally speaking, Yes." On the one side, they gave cases of men who had been killed by cowboys, and those managed to live as long as a year; on the other hand, instances of men who had not survived more than ten minutes. They thought that a man ought to consider himself lucky if he didn't get killed the first six months, no matter what he did. Hardly believed that six months was a short enough average—though three months might be nearer. You couldn't tell. Depended on how the cowboys were feeling. They might shoot you right off, and they might wait as much as a couple of weeks. A cowboy was a cow-boy, and that's about all you know. You'd got to know 'em.' Being queer, I'm sure that even if you did know 'em' you were likely to get killed anyway. It was a fine country. They themselves could not be induced to live in the East, where there was no spirit. They were still carrying their "guns," and proposed to be men wherever they were.

By this time the New York man was filled with horror. He saw these men about to intercept their ruthless code into the East. The cowboys were in fine feather over the effect they had produced. They laughed with all his fears, and laugher at the fears of children, and, presently, they began to direct their slaughtered tales only to each other. They seemed like two demons putting about, with keen enjoyment, a bottle of liquid fire, and amiably refraining from pressing it on terrified mortals. When they had slapped each other on the back over a dozen massacres, one of them said that he did not like to criticize, for a cowboy would be a cowboy; but, sometimes, they did seem to be a little too free.

"I was going into Hawk's saloon one day, and behind me was a tenderfoot. They found out afterwards, from papers he was from Boston. At the time he was a man taking a drink. He was pretty full, and in coming out he lurched against the tenderfoot. I got out my gun, thinking there might be some shooting, and as I had nothing in particular to do, I thought I'd take a hand in it. But the tenderfoot had no sand—he steps aside and walks on. Well, sir, a cowboy in rear starts up, pulls a gun, slaps it in the Boston man's face and says: 'That was my brother you run against; I don't allow no man to run against my family,' and drops him."

The New York man believed every word. "Did it kill him?"

"Good-bye!" said the nonchalance thoroughly.

"Good-bye!" said the other expert.

"And what did you do?" The eye of the New York man flashed with joyful expectations.

"Nothing."

The New York man had never been so bitterly disappointed in his life. "Do you mean to say you didn't shoot him?" Do you mean it? What the West needs is men. It needs men. And it's got such g-g-g-g-led-eyed ones as you that set a premium on murder there. What a curse you must be!" And the New York man shook his fist in the truculent cowboy's face and strode out. We followed. And if, after that episode, there was any difference between those two bold scoundrels of the plains and two pill clerks it was not visible to the eye.

## Legal.

**Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.**  
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP HEREFORE existing and carried on at the city of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, State of California, by and between E. L. Stern, N. Kahn and L. Loeb, under the name of Stern, Kahn and Loeb, has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. M. Cahn has sold his interest to Mr. L. Loeb, who will assume all indebtedness of the late firm and pay all liabilities thereof.

E. L. STERN,  
N. KAHN,

Certificate of Co-partnership.  
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in this State, at the city of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, under the name of Stern, Kahn and Loeb. That the names in full of all the members of such partnership are Emanuel Lionel Stern, Benjamin Stern and Leopold Loeb and Benjamin Stern, known to me to be the persons described in and whose names are subscribed to the certificate, have severally acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 7th day of September, A. D. 1887.

NAMES. RESIDENCES.  
Emmanuel Lionel Stern, Los Angeles City, Cal.  
Leopold Loeb, Los Angeles City, Cal.  
Benjamin Stern, Los Angeles City, Cal.

COUNTY OF CALIFORNIA, ss.

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

On this 7th day of September, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, before me, H. W. McLean, a notary public, in and for said Los Angeles county, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, I, H. W. McLean, a Notary Public, do solemnly swear, upon the pains and penalties of perjury, to subscribe and sign the foregoing instrument, and to witness the execution thereof, in the presence of the parties named, and affixed my official seal at my office, in the city and county of Los Angeles, the day and year above written.

H. W. MCLEAN, Notary Public.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

H. W. MCLEAN, County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the Superior Court, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of the original instrument co-signed by Stern, Kahn and Loeb & Co., on file in my office, and that I have carefully compared the same with the original.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the Superior Court, Portland, Or., this 7th day of September, 1887.

J. M. DUNSMOOR, Deputy.

SOUTHERN ROUTES.

TIME TABLE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1887.

Coming South, Going North.  
Steamers. Leave San Fran. Arrive San Fran. Leave Pedro. Arrive Pedro.

Santa Rosa... Aug. 29 Sept. 1 Sept. 2 Sept. 3 Sept. 4 Sept. 5 Sept. 6 Sept. 7 Sept. 8 Sept. 9 Sept. 10 Sept. 11 Sept. 12 Sept. 13 Sept. 14 Sept. 15 Sept. 16 Sept. 17 Sept. 18 Sept. 19 Sept. 20 Sept. 21 Sept. 22 Sept. 23 Sept. 24 Sept. 25 Sept. 26 Sept. 27 Sept. 28 Sept. 29 Sept. 30 Sept. 31 Oct. 1 Sept. 2 Sept. 3 Sept. 4 Sept. 5 Sept. 6 Sept. 7 Sept. 8 Sept. 9 Sept. 10 Sept. 11 Sept. 12 Sept. 13 Sept. 14 Sept. 15 Sept. 16 Sept. 17 Sept. 18 Sept. 19 Sept. 20 Sept. 21 Sept. 22 Sept. 23 Sept. 24 Sept. 25 Sept. 26 Sept. 27 Sept. 28 Sept. 29 Sept. 30 Sept. 31 Oct. 1 Sept. 2 Sept. 3 Sept. 4 Sept. 5 Sept. 6 Sept. 7 Sept. 8 Sept. 9 Sept. 10 Sept. 11 Sept. 12 Sept. 13 Sept. 14 Sept. 15 Sept. 16 Sept. 17 Sept. 18 Sept. 19 Sept. 20 Sept. 21 Sept. 22 Sept. 23 Sept. 24 Sept. 25 Sept. 26 Sept. 27 Sept. 28 Sept. 29 Sept. 30 Sept. 31 Oct. 1 Sept. 2 Sept. 3 Sept. 4 Sept. 5 Sept. 6 Sept. 7 Sept. 8 Sept. 9 Sept. 10 Sept. 11 Sept. 12 Sept. 13 Sept. 14 Sept. 15 Sept. 16 Sept. 17 Sept. 18 Sept. 19 Sept. 20 Sept. 21 Sept. 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